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## Notes of the Week

IT would be a good thing if the women who seem to have lost all reasoning power in their frenzied attempts, not to gain the vote, but to call public attention to their lack of sense, would read an article in the December *Fortnightly Review* by Mrs. Billington-Greig—an article which we are glad to be able to commend. The writer quite cogently points out that "the production of artificial victims as a method of appeal to the multitude could never be regarded as sound," and adds, on the following page, "the proof of the existence of real victims of a system will condemn that system and make for reform." Here is a sensible assertion from one of their own belief—though not a supporter of their methods—which should make the "militants" pause awhile to consider whether their policy of artifice, hypocrisy, and carefully worked-up fury is not ruinous to the interests they profess to have at heart. "The movement," says the writer again, "now has no more interest than a puppet-play, pathetic, pitiful, heroic, ridiculous, but a play only." She advises, it is true, certain methods of revolt—if revolt there must be—with which we cannot altogether agree; but the whole argument is marked by restraint and common sense and a willingness to discuss the matter on a fair basis. It is distinctly pleasant to discover an opponent who can be honoured, not despised.

Dr. Edmund Gosse has been poking fun at the young novelist, who, it seems, "takes himself too seriously." In one sense, however, he may well take himself seriously, for of a hundred people who talk about "books" ninety-nine will mean "novels." We should maintain, in the face of opposition, that to-day the principal function of the fiction writer is to entertain his readers. A few, a very few authors, from Charles Dickens downwards, have the power of combining instruction, the righting of a wrong, with amusement; the others may set aside the urgent problems of the period and court the muse of humour, or that still more elusive muse who endows a man with the ability to tell a story in cold print in a way that shall preserve the thrill. Once more, the suggestion has been offered that bad books—poor novels and novels obviously written for the purient mind—should be ignored, but we doubt whether such treatment would have the effect desired. While young writers are vain enough to pay to have their manuscripts printed, bound, and circulated, plenty of polite business men will be found eager to oblige and to put the difference to the credit of their own banking accounts.

Sir Robert Ball, whose death was announced last week, took no very high place as an investigator or discoverer in the field of astronomy, but he did more than any man, perhaps, to make that branch of science comprehensible to the mind of the people. His lectures were noted for their clearness and their quiet humour; he had the knack of dealing with his superb theme in a popular manner. He could bring the comets and suns, as it were, into the lecture-hall, and, as we have personally seen, could hold his large audiences enthralled by his unfailing lucidity, his simple expositions of matters that strain the ability of mathematicians and skilled observers.

The modern schoolboy is looked after and petted a great deal more than he was thirty years ago. Doctors peer at him and talk gravely about eye-strain and too many home lessons; professors calculate the proportion of brain-fatigue due to each subject and issue neat little papers by which over-exertion of the budding intellect can be tabulated and guarded against; health-specialists consider his food and protest that he must have more sleep; pundits of every sort, in fact, agree to train him in the way he should go. He must not be caned; he must not have much home-work; he must not study one subject for long together; he must have plenty of exercise—dear boy! In the old days no such array of talent stifled him. If he didn't do his lessons he knew what to expect, and he took care, as a rule, to do them fairly thoroughly. As for exercise—most boys will see to that department without interference. We question whether the prevalent policy of coddling is any better for the normal schoolboy than was the old system of good discipline by good masters. The work was done, and the boys were just as healthy and happy.

## Acceptance

WE do not count the steps that lead to heaven,  
And so I measure not my path to thee:  
Tho' it be rough and toilsome and uneven,  
If, at my journey's end, thy face I see,  
What matters it how long the road may be?  
For I, by love's resistless impulse driven,  
Speed on so fast, the way seems short to me—  
We do not count the steps that lead to heaven.

I do not ask the origin of love:

Whether the chance wound of a blind boy's dart,  
Or sacred fire, snatched from the gods above—  
I know it may be met with where thou art,  
And, knowing love to-day is in my heart,  
I do not ask the origin of love.  
Transvaal. A. WEBB.

## Unimportant London

IT must be admitted, upon consideration, that those who live in large cities are apt to gain a greatly exaggerated notion of their own importance, collectively; this, we may note in passing for the sake of clearness, is quite a different thing from the extravagant vanity of the village dames and dominies who individually feel that the place could not exist without them. The town-dweller, while perfectly aware that his disappearance would not affect the progress of affairs for one moment, feels that his particular populous gathering is the centre of the universe, and, naturally, in no case is this entirely erroneous idea developed so largely as in that of the Londoner.

The Londoner has set himself in a class alone; like the tailors of Tooley Street, he regards himself as the British Nation, in spite of all alarms and excursions from without. He speaks condescendingly of "the provincial," conveniently ignoring the fact that half or two-thirds of his friends and fellow-workers came up from the provinces, to be gradually absorbed. He has his newspapers, which really are as "local" as any "Eatanswill Gazette," but to which the term "local" must in no instance be applied, and they encourage him—since without the support of his city their circulations would fail to win the favourite adjective, "enormous"—in his delightful vanity; besides, do not the dailies of the country exhibit with pride a "London Letter," wherein the latest doings between Chiswick and Poplar are chronicled?

There is some ground for this conceit, this comfortable knowledge of strong cohesion and a form of unity that derives from mere size and multitude, for since the days when there were ferries across the Thames instead of bridges events in the huge city have resounded in the civilised world. But the Londoner—we Londoners, rather, for we must not evade the general reproach, even though we are proud of the name—have

only to step outside the magic circle for a very short time to find that our sense of proportion is not adjusted correctly, that there are large issues and urgent matters farther afield of which we know nothing—even in our own land. Few things are more noticeable than the quick fading of the feeling of importance, the stubborn conviction that only here, in the roaring traffic and the thronged buildings and the glaring streets, lies the secret of life and prosperity and happiness, when we set foot in a strange village. We adapt ourselves at once to the new environment. The importunate reverberations die away. We begin to take an intense personal interest in items of news which would have seemed ridiculous a few days before, and, while knowing that the country folk eye us askance, consider us subtly as interlopers—though not unkindly—we grow eager to assume the habits and thought of those who surround us.

We realise that in these wide spaces, where the wind is smokeless and fragrant, where the sunlight is curiously clear, where the smaller stars have a chance to shine, lies a cleansing influence. The affairs of the city drop from us as a close, unwholesome garment, leaving us open and accessible to a peace hitherto forbidden. We meet people who have never been to London, who make amusing inquiries as to its size, its shops, its mysterious underground methods of transit, and we have to guard ourselves against an air of patronage, being conscious that our knowledge of one immense town is insignificant, negligible, compared with the wisdom of those who understand the meaning of clouds and winds and seasons, who draw their living from the earth, the meadows, or the great waters. Our complex London seems very far away. No one wants to talk about it after the first few questions due to a stranger; there are more intimate, interesting themes for conversation. The fish have been seen in the bay; or a storm raged in the night, and the boats were out—will they all come back safely? What is a storm in town, after that? Life and death lurk in the whistling wind. Trees have to be protected from insects; a field is being badly ploughed; some of the cattle are mysteriously ill; we must tramp round with lanterns to visit odd corners of the farm; somebody's fences are broken and must be mended; the cliff is slipping after the heavy rain. There are a thousand subjects to chatter about, and the townsman is silent, put in his place, happy, perchance, to listen and to forget his monstrous, oppressive, domineering London.

A holiday, then, means much more to us who live amid the din and distraction of the city than to those whose labours are carried on amid quieter scenes. It means, for one thing, a healthy lesson in the absurdity of our self-conceit. Absurd, indeed, to think that we represent the centre of the world, when we are so calmly set aside, so useless, in the small, eager assemblies of the country! The call of London is irresistible, of course; we are bound, some day, to return. But it is good for us to be "taken down" sometimes, for undoubtedly we need it.

W. L. R.



## The Reviewer Reviewed

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL is the Sir Oracle of literature. In tones uncompromising, if kindly, he seems to say: "When I ope my lips, or take up my pen, let no reviewer-dog bark." He is literary appraiser to a wider circle than that in which the Nonconformist Conscience holds tyrannous sway, and shocking Tory as I may be, I confess, as a good many others would confess too, that "Claudius Clear" was long since forgiven his politics for the sake of his letters. Some of us possibly may wonder how any mind could have delved into the great forces of literature and still hold his views on affairs; his friends would probably retort that great literature sums up Liberalism, widens the sympathies, makes for human progress. So there we are: we agree to differ and to accept Sir William, Nonconformity and all—just as we accept "T. P.," Irish Nationalism notwithstanding—as popular guide, philosopher, and friend. He reminds us that Johnson could get on very well with Burke, if Burke did not talk of Rockingham. But the reviewer-dog hardly knows how to deal with "Claudius Clear." Satan rebuking Sin is hardly more suspect than the reviewer reviewing the reviewer. If one says nice things, somebody will be sure to whisper, "birds of a feather"; if one says harsh things, a colleague would certainly meet one with some such staggering attack on one's *esprit de corps* as "Why give the show away?"

When a reviewer publishes a book, he places himself among the literary targets, and invites others to do unto him as he would do unto them. He shows his courage, but, if reports which reach us from time to time be true, none writhes under the lash of the critic quite so badly as the critic-turned-bookmaker. "Claudius Clear," so far as I can remember—and it is twenty years since I joined the ranks of those who might be classed among the readers of his literary columns—has never invited reprisals. He quotes in his latest book\* the words of T. K. Hervey to David Masson when Masson joined his staff: "If I send you a book by my own brother, and you do not like it, you are to say so frankly." Sir William Robertson Nicoll would, if we may judge from his own injunctions and the obvious approval with which he cites Sir Walter Besant's objection to "slating" criticism, let the bad book go unheeded. That may be kind to the writer of the bad book; it is unfair to the public who will surely be told by someone else that the book is a good one. Stevenson's view that the business of the critic should be to search for the merits and the beauties in a book, not the defects, does not warrant one in ignoring defects. There is a cant alike of praise and blame in reviewing, as Sterne wrote: "Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism

is the most tormenting." How is the average man who wants to know about books, but has time to read few, to be sure that the kindly word is any more honest and worthy than the harsher judgment? Sir William puts in a special plea for himself when he suggests that few journalists can hope to write great books. But "if a journalist who has written much and for many years desires to establish some personal relation with a few readers by writing an occasional book, or even by putting together a very few of his contributions to newspapers, let him not be too severely condemned, at least by his brother journalists. His is a natural and pardonable ambition," though he may never, as Gibbon did when he wrote the last line of the "Decline and Fall," take a walk under the acacias, conscious of great work achieved. Rather he must feel that he has been engaged, not in giving birth to something that may live through the ages, but in resurrecting something that was born only to be buried. Yet how much that has passed into oblivion as mere journalism is more deserving of embodiment in book form than the majority of the books which contain not one resurrected line? Sir William tells us in his opening page that he got his earliest love for Meredith from an old copy of a dead journal called the *Critic*, which his father preserved. How many copies of the journal in which "Claudius Clear" has appeared are likely to fall into the hands of the young enthusiast who may gather up from them points about a host of interesting books and people?

But how to review this selection from them? Two chapters are devoted to the art of the reviewer. Eight ways of reviewing are pointed out. There is the ostentatious essay which discusses everything but the book until the last line, when the reader is told that "on the whole" it is good, bad, or indifferent. There is the hypercritical essay which would put an accent or a date right, and would delight to find Sir William Robertson Nicoll committing himself to "None do him justice," or quoting without demur Mark Rutherford's reference to Miss Ogle: "The authoress never wrote but that one book." There is the man-of-all-works reviewer who does short notices on everything from a treatise on astronomy to a volume of minor poetry, and loves to discover an "and which" as a peg for a pedagogic line. There is the writer of the puff who discourses easily of the superlative qualities of a book he may or may not have read, but of whose author he may have heard; such a reviewer would talk of the eclectic reading, the ripe knowledge of men and history, the scholarly style and original thought on all matters that appeal to cultured minds, to which "A Bookman's Letters" bear witness. One must not take that line because it is reasonably clear that Sir William would rule it out.

The malignant review, due to difference of opinion or personal dislike, need not for my present purpose be considered. The honestly enthusiastic review on the discovery of a new writer of promise will not do either, because the promise so long ago in Sir William Robert-

\* *A Bookman's Letters*. By W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. (Hodder and Stoughton. 4s. 6d. net.)

son Nicoll's case became performance. What he calls the right kind of review seems equally hopeless of attainment, inasmuch as it is a condition that one should know more of his subject than the writer knows himself. The eighth way—the review in which you make the book an excuse for personal gossip about the author—is also beyond me. I made many notes of passages I should like to quote, but I abandon that method because I find Sir William reflecting sharply on note-books: one must carry things in one's head. Yet it is a little difficult to remember points with exactitude when one has followed his man through four hundred pages in which Meredith, Stevenson, Swinburne, Burke, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, Charles Lever, Thackeray, Mark Rutherford, Lafcadio Hearn, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Besant, Watts-Dunton, Emerson, and a host besides, jostle each other rather unceremoniously. And there is never a paradox in all these pages to quicken memory. Sir William says quite truly that any critic who chooses to select a certain number of sentences can make any essayist ridiculous; there are sentences scattered through this book which might illustrate that point. They are just journalistic froth. The blue pencilling of an occasional line written long ago for a waiting Press would have involved no loss to literature. One essay might have been left to journalistic sepulchre: that on George Gissing. If such a record must be printed, then to sandwich it between "The Tenderness and Courage of Ruskin" and "Mr. Balfour's Plea for Cheerful Books" was to put a dish of bad oysters between the sweets and the savoury.

EDWARD SALMON.

### Leonardo da Vinci\*

TO regard Leonardo's portrait of himself, done in red chalk and preserved at the Library at Turin, is to recognise at once that one is face to face with a man who is not only a master of art, but a master of life. It is, in short, to recognise that his art was not an occupation, but an expression, and therefore a passion. It is true that he finally was drawn away from the practice of his art: but that very cessation of his artistic activity is itself an illumination. For, his art being an expression and not an occupation, his passion was with the things he had to express; anatomy (he was the completest anatomist of his time), astronomy (he was the first to declare that "the sun does not move": and this was the result of long observation, not of guesswork), mechanics, aeronautics, music, chemistry, geology, geography, botany, and mathematics, all engaged his elaborate attention. He was not a dabbler in these, but a master, so that the interest in him during the past fifty years, when his

notebooks and writings have been deciphered and examined, has been chiefly scientific. "I wish," said he, "to work miracles; I may have fewer possessions than other men who are more tranquil and those who wish to grow rich in a day." It was not to point the way, in the face of ecclesiastical hostility, to a more honest and sound science that he laboured so, but in order that he might know completely all he had to express. "I would say," he declared, "as to these mathematical subjects, that those who study only the authorities and not the works of Nature are in art the grandsons and not the sons of Nature, which is the supreme guide of the good authorities." It was his opinion that the greatest misfortune to art was when theory outran performance, though he had in the end to endure the strange penalty of letting preparation outrun performance when he was an old man.

The value of this book by Dr. Jens Thiis—surely one of the handsomest books that have been produced for many a day in English publishing!—is that it enters just at this point where the student meets the artist, and the artist takes up and puts to use all that the student has prepared. It is an extremely valuable book, not only for the lover of plastic and pictorial art, but for all those whose faith it is that every form of art is of so profound a significance to the spirit of man that no labour can be too much for the perfection of the symbols it uses. Even to look through the illustrations (there are nearly three hundred of them) is to see the student at work. The head of St. Jerome, for instance, in the unfinished altar-piece, takes its force from the fact that the skull is staring out of it; and then we may find anatomical studies of heads in section, showing the man who once said that students would perhaps do well to work from his studies in anatomy, since none of them would ever be able to dissect as many bodies as he had been able to work upon. And thus for the head "upon which all the ends of the world are come," in Pater's much-criticised phrase! We know that Ruskin spoke of Leonardo that he "remained to the end of his days the slave of an archaic smile." Dr. Thiis quotes Muntz's words, "*Un sourire attristé et désillusionné, le sourir Léonardesque.*" No doubt it was that smile, as well as the uncannily complete inquiry that Leonardo prosecuted over the whole field of knowledge, that caused him for long to be regarded as a kind of Faust, who had sold his soul to the devil, a sort of necromantic initiate. But Monna Lisa's smile is not only the result of flute-players behind a curtain. As Dr. Thiis says, it was almost the mark of a school, something like—yet how different from—the butterfly lips of the pre-Raphaelists. It is to be seen slowly coming on several of Leonardo's studies; it is there on the face of John the Baptist, done in his studio; it is there on the bronze statue of David by Verrocchio, Leonardo's master. Dr. Thiis does not point out, but it is interesting to note, that the smile only needs a slight alteration to become burthened with the infinite sorrow of Christ in the Last Supper. The introductory study of the

\* *Leonardo da Vinci.* By JENS THIIIS. (Herbert Jenkins. £2 2s. net.)



Head of Christ displays that forcibly. The mobility of the lips is the same, but the ends turn down instead of up.

Thus Leonardo is examined as one with his feet firmly on the earth. If he was, in the words of Morelli, "Perhaps the most richly gifted among all the sons of men"; if Francis the First could say of him that "he did not believe that any other man had come into the world who had attained so great knowledge"; if Vasari could say of him that he was always thinking to do some new thing: yet he learnt indefatigably, and his roots were firmly in the past. It does not diminish the marvel of the Fifth Symphony to know that Beethoven deliberately took the opening of the *Finale* from the immeasurably smaller Mozart; nor does it in the least diminish the miracles he wished to and did make to see how much Leonardo derived from his master, Verrocchio. Probably the most valuable portion of Dr. Thiis' study is here. It does not lessen his difficulty that he has to sustain his argument against a strong prejudice. "The romantic idea of absolute independence of surroundings and transmission by reason of simple genius has been a hindrance in the way of seeing the true connection between master and apprentice; and, by virtue of a superficial hero-worship, the relation between the two men is turned upside down, the master becoming apprentice and the apprentice master." The likeness between the work of the two men is sometimes extraordinary: and that very likeness must help to confuse the matter. Verrocchio is one of the obscure figures of the Renaissance; whereas, according to Dr. Thiis' argument, he would from one point of view be the most significant, inasmuch as he originated what is probably its most important contribution to art. It will seem like choosing a cowardly, middle way to say that he does not sufficiently allow for the subsequent reaction of Leonardo on his master. The seventeen years' difference between their ages precludes the possibility of the apprentice being the pioneer. Verrocchio could not have developed quite so slowly, and, indeed, we know that he did not; but the difference, on the other hand, is not so wide as to preclude the other possibility, that a brilliant and eager apprentice at once took his master's ideas and principles to their logical end, or at once saw their hidden implications, and so came to take the intellectual lead though technically he had to remain a learner. It is only a close reaction and interaction, as this would be, that can explain the striking likenesses, even the identities, in their work. For we know Leonardo: the idiom of his mind is to be caught not only in marble and bronze, but in pigment and in words. His work, moreover, is a consistent whole; whereas he was yet too young to have taught his master, even though that master did spend the greater part of his earlier years in metal-work.

What they between them brought about in art may be put in one word—though that word be one that is very much harassed in these days. They brought rhythm: they brought the *movement* of life into art:

they brought the live symbol instead of the decorative symbol. The sketches and studies that fill the pages of this book are alive on the paper: they gesture, they are defiant, they wriggle, creep, fawn, leer, agonise, laugh, walk, or stand ready for movement; but, however rough the sketch may be, or however contemplative the figure, they are never (in the old meaning of the word) simply statuesque. There was never a painter so particular in his design: his study of proportion, the mathematical lines of the composition of "The Adoration of the Magi" display that; but the design never cramps his movement, it gives it the space that only order may give. What this meant for the future may be seen partly in Raphael, and superlatively in Michael Angelo. We know that Raphael confessed his indebtedness to Leonardo; Raphael, indeed, was the superb executant of the inspirations of others. Now Dr. Thiis links Leonardo and Michael Angelo together in a couple of sentences that, for a judicious statement of the case, could not be bettered: "How to make the body the liberator of the soul's emotions, and the interpreter of the mental moods, letting the movements of the limbs, hands, and fingers express feeling in harmony with the play of the feature, was the great discovery and unlimited possibility that Leonardo brought into painting. Out of this infinitude of possibilities Michael Angelo, with his colossal temperament and plastic imagination, drew inspiration that transformed art."

Dr. Thiis confines his attention to Leonardo's life in Florence; for, as Pater said, "in these years at Florence Leonardo's history is the history of his art"; and his great achievement after that time, the statue of Sforza on which he was at work for some sixteen years, was destroyed by French marksmen when Sforza was overcome and captured at the Battle of Novara. "The Duke has lost his State, his possessions, and his liberty, and he has seen none of his works finished," was his stoical comment at that outcome. So Florence remains alone, and to Florence Dr. Thiis cleaves. And, for that period, he becomes as severe a selector as he is a brilliant expositor. In the Uffizi Collection, for example, there are forty-two drawings exhibited under Leonardo's name. Of these he will allow only seven as genuine. His principle of selection more or less concurs with Morelli's, and is in opposition to Dr. Bode's more liberal choice. In criticism, thus, as well as in exhibition and exposition, his work has a high place in the literature on Leonardo; and this translation is welcome. Mr. Jenkins, moreover, has seen to it that it is housed sumptuously. It is a beautiful, a fascinating, book.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

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"Notes on Politics and History," by Viscount Morley, now being published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., consists of an amplified version of an address delivered by the writer as Chancellor of the University of Manchester, in the summer of 1912.

## Stories for Boys

**P**ARCELS of books, heavy enough to strain the muscles of any ordinary messenger, begin to arrive from the publishing offices—parcels the contents of which were written, printed, bound, and illustrated wholly for boys and girls. If we were to read each book through, as conscientious reviewers are supposed to do, this article would be finished, perhaps, by next midsummer; in which case everybody concerned would suffer a serious injustice. We do not profess, therefore, to have scanned every page of every one of these stories. Some we have read from beginning to end; others we have dipped into and wanted to read properly; still others we must merely mention as admirable and alluring.

The boys are well served this season. From Messrs. Blackie and Son alone come fifteen fine volumes, all attractive as to outward appearance, and all capitally illustrated. Three of these are old favourites, by G. A. Henty: "A Knight of the White Cross" treats of the Knights of St. John and the Siege of Rhodes; "The Tiger of Mysore," a story of the war with Tippoo Sahib, is founded on facts and supported by the narratives of two officers who escaped from prisons during the campaign; and "At the Point of the Bayonet" is a tale of the Mahratta War, which follows the record of Grant Duff, and takes the young hero, Harry Lindsay, through a series of most exciting adventures. These are 3s. 6d. each. Captain Brereton, whom we shall soon regard as the modern R. M. Ballantyne, has four volumes to his credit, two of which, "With the Dyaks of Borneo" and "Under the Spangled Banner," are new editions at 3s. 6d. "The Great Airship" tells of a young inventor who built an airship superior to any Zeppelin; in this the hero and his friends reach Adria-nople in the midst of a bombardment. Mishaps and stirring episodes follow, and most boys will regard the hero as a great chum. "With Wellington in Spain" is the account of the wanderings of one Tom Clifford with Wellington's troops in the Peninsula; the assault and capture of Badajoz and the battle of Salamanca are narrated in detail, and the thrill of battle and gallant deeds runs through it all. This and the previous book are priced at 5s. each. Sir Harry Johnston contributes two new volumes to his interesting "Pioneers of Empire" series; these, at 6s. each, deal with "South Africa" and "Tropical America." For copious information presented in an attractive style few books for boys can equal these; the stories of the Portuguese, of Moffat and Livingstone in Africa, and of the Spaniards, of Hawkins, Drake, Raleigh and Dampier in America, make fascinating reading.

"Through Veld and Forest," by Harry Collingwood (5s.), is a tale of South Africa full of adventures. The hero, Ned Laurence, after the sacking of the parental farm by the Zulus, serves for some time in a corps of volunteers in the Kaffir War of 1835, and then treks north in quest of fortune. After perils of many kinds in Basutoland and Mashonaland and the remarkable

country of the Bandokolo, Ned returns home laden with treasure of ivory and precious stones. "Turned Adrift" (3s. 6d.), by the same author, opens with a mutiny on board ship; wrecks, the discovery of gold on an island, and other events calculated to hold the attention of most boys till long past bedtime, follow with speed, and both these books are capital fare. "When East Meets West," by Percy J. Westerman (3s. 6d.), relates the exploits of a naval officer and supposes the invasion of Europe by the Oriental nations. The peril is averted through the genius and resource of a famous scientist. It is quite a remarkable, ingenious story. A good historical book is "Heroes of European History," by A. R. Hope Moncrieff (2s. 6d.), which ranges from the Greeks and Trojans of very early times to the days of Wellington. Of a different kind, but none the less interesting, is a capital volume by Cyril Hall on "Wonders of Transport" (3s. 6d.). It discusses in a manner to grip any mechanically inclined boy the development of conveyances from the "ship of the desert" to the airship, from coaching days to the latest locomotive, and the numerous illustrations are splendid. He will be a fortunate youngster indeed who finds this book by his side on Christmas morning.

Messrs. George Harrap and Co. have a good romance for boys, "In the Days of Lionheart," by Wallace Gandy, illustrated by Jack Orr. It begins with a really exciting game of marbles, and goes on to more serious adventures; but its value lies in its clever reconstruction of olden times: the "Court of Pie Powder," the description of a Mystery Play, the days of Robin Hood and Maid Marian—these are given in a manner which leaves no room for complaint. This book has pleased us greatly; at three shillings and sixpence it makes a welcome gift for any boy, studious or not. Two sound stories come from Messrs. Nelson and Sons, "Beyond the Dragon Temple," by Robert Hudson, and "The Fight at Summerdale," by John Gunn, at the same price. The first opens in San Francisco, with a young millionaire and his chums in a motor-car; they rescue a mysterious stranger—"a Jew, dressed as a Chinaman, and speaking no European language"—and then the fun begins, for the stranger is wearing a phylactery which contains two huge blue diamonds and a document . . . but we need not proceed. Treasure hunts and a magnificent series of adventures follow, enough to fill the bill for any greedy youngster. In the second book the hero tells the story himself, and the scenes are laid principally in Scotland; it is perhaps less exciting, but a capital tale and one to hold the interest thoroughly.

"A Boy Scout in the Balkans," by John Finnemore (W. and R. Chambers, 5s.), is smart and up-to-date. Almost at the beginning we get a thrilling fight with a bear, but that is only a prelude to more terrible struggles with the mixed races of the Near East. The young hero finishes up well as part owner of an estate in the Balkans, having by his prowess "made the family fortunes." In "The White Pirate," by John A. Higginson (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.), we have a beautiful brig, with Spanish officers, flying the British colours, and



fully armed. The period is that of the last Cuban rebellion, and the party of English friends who are rescued by the "White Pirate" soon find that she is fitted out by supporters of the insurrection with the object of harrying the enemy's shipping. The plot is good, and the events are rousing. "Jack Corvit: Patrol Leader," by V. R. Nendick (C. Arthur Pearson, 2s. 6d.), illustrates by each chapter an item of the Scout Law, carrying out excellently an idea which in less skilful hands might have been "dry." Jack is a capital detective, and the story of how he caught the station thief is worthy of Sherlock Holmes.

Messrs. Duckworth have issued a new and attractive illustrated edition of that fine boys' book, "Bevis"; so few boys seem to know of Richard Jefferies that we hope this handsome volume will have a large sale this season. The price is six shillings, and it is one of the best possible stories for an imaginative youngster. Mr. E. V. Lucas contributes an appreciative and keen introduction.

From Messrs. John Long comes a tale of lively doings, "Buccaneers' Island," by H. Robswood Cooke (3s. 6d. net). The hero, who tells the story, sailed as clerk in the *Good Hope* to the West Indies. At Jamaica, the crew being three short, a kindly-disposed gentleman engages to find that number of extra hands, and to take passage back to England, paying sixty guineas. Once safely at sea, the kindly gentleman, who is a real bloodthirsty buccaneer of the olden time, and the three fresh sailors who, of course, were in his service, begin their exploits. Sailors vanish mysteriously; the captain is stabbed, and there is enough fighting to thrill the most exigent taste.

"Wet Magic," by "E. Nesbit" (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.), has for its sub-title "A Tale of the Depths of the Sea," and is in the nature of a fantasy, with Mermaids and "Mer-people," Princesses and Lobsters and other necessary personages; it is exactly the thing for the boy or girl who loves fairy-stories. Possibly there are not a great number of such boys and girls left—more's the pity! But let them hasten to read this book, for Mrs. Bland proved long ago that she was on confidential terms with the fairies.

We fear that few boys read the novels of Sir Walter Scott nowadays. There was a time when "Ivanhoe" thrilled us, when "Waverley" had power to keep us wide awake, but we do not meet many youngsters now who can tell us what these books are about. An edition of "Guy Mannering" at 2s. 6d. is just issued by Messrs. Macmillan, edited, with notes and an introduction, by R. F. Winch, M.A., and we are not without hope that the charm of this story may find many younger readers this season. The editor's Notes are plentiful; some of them seem unnecessary—for instance, most readers need no explanation of Scylla and Charybdis, the tolbooth, "fractious," "sibyl," "nota bene," "dingle," and other quite ordinary allusions and phrases. Still, it is better to err on the right side, perhaps, and the interest of the book is enhanced by an interpretation of many peculiarly Scotch words.

## For the Girls' Library

IT has been said many times that the Christmas books are earlier each season, and, like the Drury Lane pantomimes, better and ever better than those of preceding years; so that perhaps the best plan is just to proceed with a short notice of each and leave the young readers to supply any superlatives we may omit.

Miss Bessie Marchant has realised that girls, as well as boys, delight in stories of adventure, and in "The Heroine of the Ranch," "The Loyalty of Hester Hope," and "The Adventurous Seven" (Blackie and Son, 5s., 3s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. respectively) she has written accounts of happenings in far-distant lands. In the first, the Straits of Magellan form the setting. Mystery introduces the plot, which deepens as troubles increase and multiply, until cleared away by the pluck and bravery of Kate, the heroine. Hester Hope works out her probation to misfortune on a tobacco plantation in British Columbia, and in the end overcomes all difficulties. Nealie, another brave and persevering maiden, pilots "The Adventurous Seven" all the way to New South Wales, where many hazardous encounters await them. Added to these, their father is under a certain suspicion, and Nealie takes it upon herself to clear his name. The brave girl is rewarded, and has the satisfaction of seeing things straighten out at the last. "Moll Meredyth, Madcap," by May Baldwin (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.), carries on her capers in a district of the Malay Peninsula, and thereby greatly scares her parents and their friends. After six months of most exciting times, Moll is safely taken back to school in England, leaving many promises of a return to her friends and acquaintances in the East. The three books will be eagerly read by many whose adventures have to take place nearer home.

The English country-side and Ireland are the scenes of Miss Katharine Tynan's two books, "The Daughter of the Manor" and "A Girl of Galway" (Blackie and Son, 6s. and 3s. 6d.) The former is the story of Sally Eaton who is adopted by an old friend of her mother, and goes to live at the Manor House. The girl is very human, and very real, as, in a different way, is Margot, the half-French, half-English visitor. In addition to being suitable for girls in the schoolroom, this story may also be enjoyed by their older sisters—in fact, it is far better than many a six-shilling novel. "A Girl of Galway" is a new edition of an Irish story dealing with the visit of a young girl to her grandfather, a recluse and a miser. The account is well told, and we bid adieu to Bertha at the sound of wedding bells.

In "Old School Friends" (Blackie and Son, 6s.) Lady Gilbert traces with care and discernment the characters of two girls, Jessie and Brigit, and the manner in which the former, brought up in the lap of luxury, finds herself at a great disadvantage when having to face the world and earn her own living. Her rescue by Brigit is admirably told and will appeal to all girls who have formed lasting friendships during school-days. "The Girls of King's Royal," by L. T. Meade (W. and R.

Chambers, 6s.), and "Jo Maxwell, Schoolgirl," by Lizzie C. Reid (W. and R. Chambers, 2s. 6d.), are two more illustrated books dealing with school life. Competitions for prizes and scholarships, the envy, hatred, and malice of selfish girls, together with the charitableness shown by the wronged scholars, form the principal themes of the stories, the introduction of a Quaker family into the first-named volume adding a certain amount of originality to a distinctly good plot.

Two girls of strong personality are the principal characters in "The Youngest Girl in the Fifth" and "The Leader of the Lower School," by Miss Angela Brazil (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.). As inevitably happens with bright and clever maidens whose heart is usually in the right place, but whose head leads them into all kinds of indiscretions, the careers of both Gwen and Gipsy are chequered ones; but this fact in no way detracts from the interest of the stories, delightful as most school stories are.

A little colony known as the Triangle is described by Miss M. Leeson in "The Fords of Hilton Langley" (Blackie and Son, 5s.). For a time the story is transferred to a German town, but eventually ends in England around the Triangle from whence it started. An unhappy secret in the life of one of the characters adds a touch of tragedy to a bright and jolly story.

Readers of "Jim's Children" will welcome "Cousins in Camp," by Miss Wilson-Wilson (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), and will follow with delight the happy camping holiday passed by the young Rentons and their cousins in the Lake District. Other holiday books for



'Here's a poor—sweet—dear "little rabbit!"

(From "Pam, Robin, and Stumps").

younger children are "Holidays at Waverlea," by Jennie Chappell (Blackie and Son, 2s.), and "Pam, Robin, and Stumps," by Gertrude Doughty (W. and R. Chambers, 2s. 6d.). In the former Carlie and Chris have some lively times as well as some tragic ones, at one period nearly losing their lives in a landslip. The joy that awaits them in the end little readers will no doubt hasten to find out. Miss Pam is but eight, yet she "mothers" her smaller brother and sister in a manner which other small people will certainly be glad to read about in the well-illustrated volume recounting the doings of all three.

## REVIEWS

### Christmas Rites and Customs

*Christmas in Ritual and Tradition, Christian and Pagan.* By CLEMENT A. MILES. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE observance by the Church of the Festival of Christmas can be traced so far back as the middle of the fourth century, though an earlier date is highly probable. Naturally, the keeping of the festival soon spread throughout the West, and we know that St. Augustine kept Christmas A.D. 598 with the baptism of a vast number of converts in Kent. Mr. Clement Miles says that it is uncertain whether Christmas came to England with the Celtic Church, but he has evidently overlooked a reference in Adamnan's Life of St. Columba (Bk. ii. 9) to the *Natalitium Domini*, which leaves no doubt as to this question. In a general survey by way of introduction, the author gives five names in use throughout Europe for the festival—Christmas, Weihnacht, Noël, Calendas, and Yule.

Christmas—Dutch, *Kerstmisje*—is simply the Mass or Eucharist of Christ's Nativity. Weihnacht is equivalent to sacred night. Noël is probably the same word as the Provençal *Nadau* or *Nadal*, the Italian *Natale* and the Welsh *Nadolig*, from the Latin *natalis*, i.e., natal or birth-day.

*Calendas* or *Calenos* is also Provençal, and is derived from the Latin *Kalendæ*, or first of the month, as the Christmastide festival runs into the New Year—the first of January being associated with pagan festivities.

Yule (Danish *Jul*), the Scandinavian word for Christmas, is of doubtful origin, but probably denotes a pagan mid-winter festival, which occupied the place of the Christian celebration prior to the introduction of Christianity. Mr. Miles speaks of Gregory the Great as an "ecclesiastical compromiser" because he suggested to St. Augustine that the Anglo-Saxons might be permitted to retain the feasting of their own festivals, while keeping the Christian festival to the honour of God rather than of devils.

But Gregory was a wise man and a humanist, and he followed a sensible policy in Christianising heathen customs. Failure would have been the result of ruthless repression, as indeed happened later to the misguided attempts of the Puritans to abolish the secular side of Christmas festivities.

The first part of this book is devoted to the Christian Feast, and opens with an attractive account of the Poetry of Christmastide. The earliest verse corresponding to our Christmas carols comes from the Franciscan Jacopone da Todi, in the latter half of the thirteenth century, who sings with rare sweetness of the Babe of Bethlehem—"Bambolino," "Piccolino," "Jesulino."

This "rapturous poet," to whom is attributed the "Stabat Mater dolorosa," also wrote of the Virgin and the Christ-child:—



Stabat Mater speciosa  
Juxta foenum gaudiosa  
Dum jacebet parvulus  
Cujus animam gaudentem  
Laetabundam ac ferventem  
Pertransivit júbilus.

Thus translated by J. M. Neale:—

Full of beauty stood the Mother  
By the manger, blest o'er other,  
Where her little One she lays.  
For her inmost soul's elation  
In its fervid jubilation  
Thrills with ecstasy of praise.

In the following century Christmas poetry appears in Germany, a direct result of the mystical preaching of the great Dominican, Eckhart. To this era belongs that very beautiful carol, *In dulci Jubilo*, whose music exhibits "so perfectly the reverent gaiety of the carol spirit."

English carols date from the fifteenth century, the versifying of John Awdlay, the blind chaplain of Haghmon, in Shropshire, who prefaces a collection of twenty-five songs with these words:—

I pray you, sirus, boothe moore and lase,  
Sing these caroles in Cristēmas.

There are some two hundred pre-Reformation carols still extant, and many are very beautiful, especially the sweet and human lullabies, with which may be compared the Latin cradle-songs of the South of Europe. The sixteenth century is in France the period of charming *Noëlistes*, while in Germany the Reformation "gave a great impetus to religious song and particularly to Christmas hymns." "Luther wrote for his little son Hans one of the most delightful and touching of all Christmas hymns"—*Von Himmel Hoch*—still sung at Christmas from the church towers in some German towns.

Christmas has long been celebrated in ecclesiastical drama, and still is, in the presentation throughout the Roman Church of the Christmas "crib" (French, *crèche*; Italian, *presepio*; German, *krippe*). This scenic structure, with the holy figures, is the delight of children. Nor can such pictorial image of the faith fail to appeal to their elders. It is in effect a survival of the liturgical drama of the Christmas Eucharist, described as the "Office of the Shepherds" in one instance in a Rouen manuscript of the thirteenth century, though probably much earlier. But the English mediæval playwrights of the York, Chester, Towneley, and Coventry cycles were masters of the dramatic art, though similar plays were represented all over Europe. They were very beautiful, very reverent, and very human; but an austere and acrid Protestantism, filled with individual self-righteousness, robbed the people of these charming rites, and "the rich, variegated religion of the people, communal in its expression, tinged everywhere with human colour, gave place to a sterner, colder, more individual faith, fearful of contamination by the use of the outward and visible."

The second part of Mr. Miles's book is concerned with the survival of pagan customs, which have lingered

in connection with the festival of Christmas. No doubt these are many, but, like most students of folklore, the author endeavours to prove too much. The celebration of festive rites is instinctive in human nature in all ages; and every analogous custom is not of necessity a "survival," nor even a "superstition." At the same time his inquiry into pre-Christian winter festivals shows the remarkable tenacity of early traditions in resisting the force of social and religious cataclysms. The survival of animal masks, the German *Schimmel*, the horse's head or skull, "Old Hob" in England, the bear, the horn-dance at Abbots' Bromley, the Christian devil-type, half-animal, half-human, were all probably derived "from skin-clad worshippers at pagan festivals." Christmas mumming is very general throughout Europe, both in the east and west. The blasphemous and highly irreverent Feast of Fools, at which "priests and clerks may be seen wearing masks and monstrous visages at the hours of office," is traced with some probability to the celebrations of the Kalendæ. Again, many customs and superstitions connected with Christmas Eve are associated with pagan traditions. In some countries, notably in Brittany, there is the superstition that at midnight dumb animals are able to speak; connected no doubt with the ass and ox of the manger of Bethlehem. Another idea was that water turned to wine on the Eve. In Scandinavia it was supposed that the dead then revisited their homes; also, that the old Norse gods made war on Christians; while, in Germany, Christmas Eve was the time for all sorts of auguries. The Greek peasant still dreads at this time the visits of the *Kallikantsaroi*, huge half-animal, half-human monsters, supposed by some to be identical with the classical masqueraders at the Feast of Dionysus. The burning of the Yule log is a very wide-spread custom, accompanied among the Southern Slavs with elaborate ceremonial, sometimes with oblations of corn and wine. It may be easy in theory to connect it with sacred hearth-fires or any other form of fire-worship, but no direct evidence is forthcoming, though the survival of curious attendant customs certainly suggests primitive pagan origins, while the burning of special large candles is apparently Christian. The Christmas tree, one of the greatest delights of children, is essentially a German institution and comparatively modern. No historical reference can be found earlier than a note at Strasburg in 1605. The author's attempts to find a pagan or folk-lore origin are very strained and speculative. He is more successful in his account of the relation of Christmas feasting and sacrificial survivals.

Altogether, he has given us a most delightful and charming book, full of interest, well written and well arranged, and illustrated with excellent coloured and half-tone plates. In a work of this kind we cannot help thinking that it would have been wiser to have refrained from offering any private opinions on the Christmas story as historically untrue, or on modern (so-called) disbelief in the origins of Christianity.

P. A. M. S.

## 'An Orpheus of the Terror

*Pierre Garat, Singer and Exquisite: His Life and his Work* (1762-1823). By BERNARD MIALL. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. MIALL has compiled a cheery and entertaining work. We confess to having entertained an initial suspicion as to whether it was worth doing, but "a jury of temporary impressions" has, after retiring, it is true, assured us that it was. At all events, we found it difficult to put the book down, and that proves pretty conclusively that we were amused. The author has a certain number of irritating tricks, but they are of a venial order. He reels off rhetorical questions with an extraordinary glibness; his fancy runs riot in the reconstitution of historical scenes; he preaches long sermons to a mixed audience of the converted and the unconvertible on the reasonableness of French sexual notions, though possibly this is a piece of ritual necessary to the introduction of the ladies of the Directory period. Then his tirades against the French Revolution and its excesses, though there is a fluency about his invective, ring rather hollow in modern ears; the Revolution is a tremendous social and psychological fact, and the days for denunciations of it *à la* Taine are long past.

Why should I mention Io? Why indeed?  
I have no notion why?

The gifted author of "Fragment of a Greek Tragedy" will, no doubt, excuse a tiny theft from his masterpiece. Mr. Miall mentions Io a good deal; that is to say, he has pages on the Revolution in the provinces, on Paris before, during, and after the Revolution, on the King's comedians, on the Freemasons. All these things have something to do with Garat, some more, some less. Mr. Miall disarms criticism by a charming frankness. He might have knotted his brows and treated us to a homily on "milieu." He does nothing of the kind, or a very little of the kind, and that is obliterated in the sequel. He says, "If in my endeavour to show him" (Garat) "as he walked his world I have at times said overmuch of that world, and allowed the image of the man to grow dim, it is that the material to be used is scanty"—to stop here would be a criminal injustice, so we continue—"out of all proportion to the stir my hero made when alive."

The last clause quoted is the justification of the book. Pierre Garat made a great stir when alive, if possibly he tends to be a little forgotten now that he is dead. An uncle of his, a Girondin Minister of the Interior, is unpleasantly remembered by Oxford students of the Revolution as the person to whom, during a critical period, innumerable police reports were addressed. All the Garats came from the South, and some of them attained to eminence. Pierre was the son of a distinguished member of the Bordeaux Parliament, who never quite succeeded in forgiving his son for his abandonment of a legal for an artistic

career. Just before their final reconciliation, the elder Garat replied to his son's request for leave to appear at a charity entertainment—"Since his son's talents had cost him an honourable profession, he was at least happy that they should enable him to perform a worthy deed." It is pleasant to read, and, in view of the circumstances, the most eloquent testimony to the power of the artist, that, at this same concert, "amid the applause that followed, the father opened his arms; the son rushed into them, and all was forgotten."

A singer—or an actor, for that matter—is not like a poet, a painter, or an apostle, who, "being dead, yet speaketh." A dead singer is dead and dumb. Garat "made a great stir when alive." He owed his fame partly to original gifts and the inherited music of the mountains, finely analysed by Mr. Miall, partly to personal analysis and infinite pains, but principally to an idiosyncrasy that pleased fashionable audiences; he could imitate anybody or anything, and he could sing a whole opera by himself. This it was that caused him to be summoned to Versailles, to sing before Marie Antoinette. But, if he cultivated tricks in order to gain notoriety, he always upheld the dignity of his Art. His reverence for Gluck is an illustration. "He never treated Gluck's music to the flourishes with which he embroidered the melodies of other composers." And at the end of his life he worked like a slave for a nominal salary as "professor of the class of perfecting song" at the Conservatoire. Taxed with beating his young wife, "after a long silence," he replied, "She is growing deaf and is singing out of tune." And here is the last gleam of a dying fire, a touch worthy of Balzac: "Do you ever try to sing?" "No; I know that is impossible; but my memory sings in silence, and I never sang better."

For Garat the exquisite we must refer readers to the text and the illustrations; he is more interesting, we think, than Brummell; he testified bravely for clothes, at a period when "the apparel oft proclaimed the man"—as an outlaw. A practical "philosophy of clothes" means many things, which will mostly be found in Mr. Miall's book, but it means primarily courage, and that is Garat's greatest quality. An example: "Louis XVI was in the Temple, awaiting trial. Garat, one evening, in the foyer of the Opera, began to sing the well-known song from . . . 'O Richard, ô mon roi!'" He got into trouble, of course, yet sang himself out; but the story belongs to Mr. Miall. Garat charmed, temporarily, another Cerberus—the great Napoleon; he was a "serial polygamist," and he taught the Parisians for a season to lisp and to drop their r's. Having been written about, he is certainly worth reading about.

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Their Majesties the King and Queen have graciously expressed their intention of visiting Covent Garden Theatre on Saturday, December 13, the day of their return from Chatsworth, to see Mr. Raymond Roze's opera, "Joan of Arc."



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*My Beloved South.* By MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR.  
(G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

"IN my wandering life of deepest shadow and occasional sunshine," Mrs. O'Connor begins by telling us, "there is but one thing for which I am altogether devoutly thankful—I was born and bred in the South, and for generations on both sides of my family my ancestors were Southern people." But she has written a book of brightest sunshine, with only occasional shadow—perhaps because it deals only with Southern people and the South: a book of rose-hued reminiscences tinging for us "the sober twilight of the present with colour of romance."

Many of her reminiscences, it is true, are quite recent ones, being, rather, new impressions of old scenes, for they are the outcome of sojournings in Maryland and Virginia, in Charleston and Washington and New Orleans, that date from only three years ago. The South does not seem to change much, however, and all Mrs. O'Connor's newest experiences serve only to evoke her oldest memories. It is the South of the 'sixties and the 'seventies, the South of her childhood and girlhood, that lives for us in these pages.

Almost her first memory of all strikes the note of colour that recurs throughout the book—a visit to a lovely, unconventional aunt who was lying ill in an immense bedroom, her hair wandering over the pillow in two long thick plaits. All kinds of surprises were in store for her in this bedroom. An unsuspected three-months-old fat baby was discovered first in a rocking chair. Next a pig emerged from under the bed, squealed loudly, stood for a moment looking at her, then trotted through the doorway and down the hall into the garden. Finally a peacock appeared, advancing proudly into the room, with his tail magnificently spread. "It seemed to me that I was in a wonderful fairy dream, with such lovely things happening—a beautiful lady with long plaits, a soft pink baby, a peacock, and a pig! Oh, I thought, if my home was only like this, how happy I should be!"

Her own home, as she proceeds to recall it, seems to have been almost as exciting. Her young brother Sam was at one period of his boyhood the happy possessor of "guinea pigs, prairie dogs, three chickens, two hens, and a rooster, a fox-terrier, spotted Japanese mice, and a young alligator of unusually rapid growth," whom he used to carry upstairs to the bathroom in the evening for a swim. And of all the many good stories she has to tell, that of Josephine, the mulatto maid, in that home of theirs in Washington, is almost the best. The half-dozen pages which narrate Josephine's love-affair with the tall black plumber named Silas Scipio Bundy are delightful. The fascinating Silas proved to be a married man, and, on discovering this at last, big, fat, pretty, lazy Josephine became a fury. When she had finished with the Bundys, husband and wife, and with their dwelling-

place, the policeman said "the wreck looked like the work of a cyclone or a tornado"! We must find space for the sequel in court:—

The Judge, an old friend of the family, with a sense of humour, turned to her and said, "Josephine Paschal, what have you got to say for yourself?" Josephine, the poor, violent, destructive elephant, looked at the Judge with imploring eyes, the corners of her mouth turned down, like a yellow baby about to cry, and for a moment could make no answer. Then bursting into tears, she covered her face with her nice clean apron, rocked her huge bulk violently backwards and forwards, and said, "I ain't got nothin' to say, 'ceptin' I wants my Silas Bundy—I des wants my Silas Bundy, my Silas Bundy!"

The whole court room was convulsed with laughter, but Josephine got off without a fine, while Silas Bundy left the Court a vainer man than when he entered it.

Mrs. O'Connor's book is full of good things which one is tempted to quote—excellently told stories, vivid bits of description, sympathetic character-sketches, witty sayings. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, to whom she dedicates the volume, and Mr. Harris Dickson, the creator of that wonderful study in "darkey" humanity, "Old Reliable," will be grateful to her for her cordial and discriminating tributes to their writings; while the two pages devoted to Frank Stockton offer as charming an appreciation of that author's very individual genius as one remembers to have seen anywhere.

## "Tiger with a Man's Face"

*Robespierre and the Women He Loved.* By HECTOR FLEISCHMANN. Translated from the French by DR. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT. Twenty Portraits. (John Long. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE title at the head of this review is that which Mme. Duplessis, the mother-in-law of Camille Desmoulins, was inclined to give Robespierre, in a letter which was never sent, on the eve of Lucille Desmoulins' execution.

Robespierre was always the welcome guest of strangers in Paris, and was often in the house of his friends, Camille and Lucille; he was frequently received by Mme. Duplessis, and was to become the husband of Lucille's sister, Adèle. There were hospitality and tenderness and intimacy—but all these things were as nothing to the would-be regenerator of French society.

From this incident it will be gathered that Robespierre was not an ideal example for devout lovers, and that the title of the book, although attractive, no doubt, at the libraries, is not quite the fittest that could have been chosen.

Still, M. Fleischmann gives us many rumours of loves, and, in the story of the early days at Arras, some particulars of the duller and most feeble flirta-



tions that a budding politician has ever indulged in. But women were so kind in France before the Revolution that even the pedantic and verbose letters of Maximilian Robespierre are considered to have gained victories for him. Although his nature was doubtless ardent, we cannot but realise in reading the present work that the idea of love-making was very disagreeable to him. Suppose, for a moment, that one feels one must lead the Jacobins, become Dictator of France, live by journalism and the law, and carry forward a thousand and one difficult political undertakings and a nameless number of murders, it will be granted that this hero must be content to scorn delights and hardly think of sporting with Amaryllis in the shade or cast an eye upon the tangles of Neæra's hair.

But the author and his translator do the best they can by the title which has been given to the book, and search every possible source of knowledge on the meagre subject of Robespierre's loves. Most of these affairs are purely hypothetical and vague, or at least ill supported by evidence. "Elegant and careful of his dress and person, he must have been pleasing to women," says the author. It is in this arbitrary manner that such romances as appear in the book are made. There are a few uninspired rhymed letters, a few stilted compliments, some allusions to the Graces and the Muses, and there is his sister Charlotte's note that "my brother's amiability with women captivated their affection; several, I believe, felt more than ordinary friendship for him." All this is delightfully mild for Robespierre, the ruler of men. But the industrious author pursues his conception with indefatigable energy and painstaking, if somewhat misplaced, industry.

Truly, M. Fleischmann's perfectly honest method of work frequently proves that his hero did not love or even know persons who were said by his detractors to have enjoyed his intimacy. This is a rather unfortunate result of so much labour, but the fault is mainly in the title of the book. For the rest, it gives the reader an excellent picture of an organiser of what is called "the salutary Terror" and the times in which he lived. Surely that is enough for a sound biographical work without the feeble efforts which this book shows to drag in love interests at every possible and impossible moment.

Dr. Rappoport has, we remember, written several lively and interesting books, but in his rôle of translator he is not so happy either in subject or in style as with his "Leopold II" or "the Curse of the Romanovs."

E. M.

An opportunity occurs at the house of the Royal Photographic Society, 35, Russell Square, London, W.C., of noting the various styles of foreign photographic work. A collection of 96 prints by such eminent men as Josef Pecsí, C. J. Brodersen, Albert Gottheil, F. Schensky, Gerald E. Jones, and others is on view till December 20, free to the public on presentation of visiting card.

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## Overshadowed

*The Shorter Poems of Frederick Tennyson.* (Macmillan and Co.)

It is probable that few people know the name of Frederick Tennyson save from the chance connection of relationship to the great Poet Laureate. For all that, he was a poet of no mean ability, who, but for the eclipsing glory of his brother, might conceivably have made a name conspicuous in the history of Victorian literature. He had, unfortunately, too retiring a disposition, a nature too fond of abstract study, and a soul that loved and sought for seclusion. Such ideals were hardly the right weapons for a fight necessary to make the dense understand the separate identities of his brother and himself, and Frederick Tennyson never tried to do more than please his friends with the poems that were to him one of the easiest methods of expression. With no wish for a public reputation, the poet did not restrain himself sufficiently ever to get it. In his constant use of capitals, which to him doubtless conveyed an extra interpretation and significant reality, in his vagueness and diffuseness of expression, and the frequent antitheses he employed, may be traced without especial difficulty the fondness for the abstract that can never make Frederick Tennyson really popular with any except those who look for poetry to convey to them something beyond a simple story with a moral or a motto and a sweet sense of emotional music. Frederick Tennyson very often does tell a simple story, and he very often uses exceedingly sweet lines. But in general his style is very different. Examine a verse from a poem entitled "The Mountain":

So from the far-off mount of Poesy  
The World's great shows like the hush'd champaign seem;  
The Actual, Insubstantiality;  
Real, what is shaped in Fancy's eager eye;  
Fear, love, a hope, a dream!

It is doubtful if any but real poets will appreciate this stanza, with its harshness in places and abstractness of philosophical ideas.

But there are times when Frederick can become as philosophical and as musical as Browning. Take, for example, these two lines, with all the great dreams that lie behind, all the possibilities of eternity, and all the conceptions that hover behind space:

Climbing into the awful Infinite,  
Those stairs whose steps are worlds. . . .

Very roughly, indeed, this is the main trend of ideas that run through this book. For we must admit that frequently the theme is monotonous and the poet reiterates in a different manner what he has already expressed. It must be understood, however, that though there are many faults of style and execution in the craft of the poetry, yet in itself the poems are those which only one who had soared above the realms of minor poetry could have written.

## Shorter Reviews

*English Literature: from Beowulf to Bernard Shaw.*  
By F. SEFTON DELMER. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE cataloguing of the literature of a nation—indexing its most noted authors and labelling them for reference—is not a very inspiring task, and we were prepared to find this little text-book with the peculiar title a rather laborious effort. It proves, however, to be done with real insight and comprehensive knowledge. The author, who is lecturer in English at the University of Berlin, has given a brief summary of the work of nearly all who may be considered as having influenced the progress of English literature, and the amount of information contained in so small a space is surprising. Our complaint lies chiefly on the score of awkward arrangement. For example: on page 102 we have Swift, in his proper period; the "Battle of the Books" and the "Tale of a Tub" are described, with the principal facts of his career—and then comes a reference to section 217, where "Gulliver's Travels" has a full page, half the book away from its author, under a division devoted to "Analyses of Masterpieces." For H. G. Wells, in the index, we are referred to page 194, where is merely a mention of his name with no other reference; on page 162, however, is a summary of his work—no book is mentioned by name—under the heading, "Other Humanitarian Novels," sandwiched between Dickens and "Mrs. Beecher Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'!" This sort of thing, to say the least, is injudicious; sometimes it becomes almost comic. Mr. Henry James surely should not have been omitted altogether; and not many people, we fancy, will agree with the statement that "Kipling's most fascinating work is his 'Jungle Book.'" Dogmatic assertions on style and popularity are out of place in a treatise of this description. Faults are bound to occur; some of these—especially the unnecessarily complicated arrangement—should be remedied in any new edition. Speaking broadly, we are pleased with Mr. Delder's careful work, and can recommend it for the use of students who need handy references to writers grouped in certain periods.

*The Annual of Swedish Art.* (Wm. Dawson and Sons 5s. net.)

THIS admirably printed volume will give the reader a considerable knowledge of one part of the art of painting in Sweden at the present moment. It is a subject not very generally known in this country, although Swedish literature is so fully understood and appreciated here.

For the present work Mr. Albert Engström has taken the remarkable and beautiful paintings of Mr. Bruno



Liljefors, who represents his nation very fully, as his subject. This clever painter is at once a brilliant sportsman and marksman as well as a fine all-round athlete. His out-door life on his island of "Bullero," a paradise for painter and sportsman too, has enabled him to treat of bird and animal life with a certainty of detail, an intimate knowledge, and a boldness of style which, added to his accomplished technique makes his fine pictures as welcome and as much admired by his fellow artists as by the even larger world of sportsmen who, while loving the hunt, are deeply in sympathy with the manners and surrounds of the hunted. Thus it will be seen that this volume, with its splendid reproductions, largely in colour, of Liljefors' work, forms a pleasing gift for many kinds of persons, but the ideal man or woman for the reception of this work is the one who is at once devoted to sport and loves the art of decorative painting.

*England Invaded.* By EDWARD FOORD and GORDON HOME. (A. and C. Black. 6s. net.)

WE have heard much of late of the possibility of the invasion of England—too much, perhaps, in the idea of the complacent and, in the pessimistic sense of the word, of the parochial-minded. Past catastrophes of the kind and the lessons which may be drawn from these sanguinary events are summarised in this volume in a masterly and clear form. The authors begin their gloomy yet fascinating story at the very beginning, and show Cæsar's legions when they came tossing in their small craft across the waves of the Channel and, landing, overran Britain. From this point the story, never for one moment losing its interest, develops rapidly. We see Viking craft, high-prowed and menacing, borne by their square sails across the North Sea to disgorge their ravaging hosts of warriors. We see, moreover, the Danish fighters and the advent of the Norman under William the Conqueror. But it is impossible here, of course, to speak in detail of the various invasions, from the Scottish and the Spanish to the Dutch and, last of all, the French raids in Ireland and on the West Coast of England.

Even those who imagine that they have little bent or inclination for history in the ordinary way will find themselves unable to withstand the fascination of this book. As to the moral to be drawn from it, that is clearly indicated in its pages. No one has ever invaded a prepared England. It has been the torpid generations, void of the patriotic spark, which have suffered—and suffered justly—the sword of the foreigner who has laid waste their lands.

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*Animal Ghosts, or Animal Hauntings and the Hereafter.* By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL. (Wm. Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. O'DONNELL has made the subject of ghostly phenomena his own, and is quite an authority on all that is weird and eerie. His reputation as a psychical investigator has been established by a variety of works bearing his name, of which the present volume is the latest, and quite as uncanny as any of its predecessors. It deals exclusively with apparitions of domestic and other animals, and the author adduces a large number of records in support of his thesis that animals have a post-mortem existence. It may convince some readers, but the majority, we fancy, will still remain sceptical.

*A Short History of Marriage.* By ETHEL L. URLIN. (Wm. Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE author has compiled in this small volume a brief summary of marriage rites and nuptial folk-lore in many countries and all ages. The marriage customs of primitive races are certainly curious, but are mainly of interest to anthropologists and not to the general reader, who will, no doubt, be more attracted by the chapters dealing with old English marriage customs, superstitions and omens, wedding-ring lore, and other bridal matters pertaining to civilised peoples.

## Fiction

*The Pomanders.* By ARTHUR FETTERLESS. (Blackwood and Co. 6s.)

THE author of this book has a reputation as a humorist, but, except for the fact that his story is lightly and observantly told, we can find few traces of that quality in "The Pomanders." The family owning that name occupied a farm in the Scottish highlands, whence old Pomander invested his savings in a badly worked silver mine, and was brought to grief financially by a scheming solicitor. The story is told by a briefless barrister, who loved one of old Pomander's three daughters, and it is the manner of the telling more than the matter thereof that makes the book worth reading.

For he who tells the story is, despite his little affectations, worth knowing, as is his friend Foddles, the stockbroker. Sturdy, the Scots lawyer, whose work went far towards the rehabilitation of the Pomanders, is a fine study in character, and the Pomander girls are all that country girls should be. There is a ring of reality about the story, and in it is a breath of Highland air, for the book tells of simple people, moved by elemental emotions and possessed only of primary virtues. Consequently, there is no room for minute psychological dissection—but in a book of this kind it is unnecessary. To turn from the multitude of problem novels and sex studies, to a plain story of country folk in fitting surroundings, becomes a pleasure when the story is as simply and well told as is this of the Pomanders.

*Behind the Beyond.* By STEPHEN LEACOCK. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE sketches in this book of Mr. Leacock are in the main lighter than those recorded in "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," although they are no less enjoyable on this account, and the quaint illustrations add greatly to their value. "A Modern Problem Play" and "The Retroactive Existence of Mr. Juggins" are two of the best skits in the book. In the former, the author has managed aptly to obtain just the right amount of humorous yet satirical criticism to show the utter artificiality of so many of the so-called problems; while "The Retroactive Existence" is a most annoying affair, and carries the reader with it to such an extent that he, like Juggins in the story, feels that he must go gradually backward until he gets further than behind the beyond. The barber is again well to the front, and has a chapter devoted to his little peculiarities of getting excited about various matters and illustrating his points by frantic flickings of the towel and occasional thumps on the head of his prostrate client, evidently mistaking the covered face for an election table. Mr. Leacock has almost a sphere to himself in his sketches, and should be assured of an appreciative public, for what he writes is always worth reading.

## Pictures, Rhymes and Stories

MESSRS. BLACKIE'S "Children's Annual" (3s. 6d.) this year is ten years old, and, as its publishers say, "will be found as irresistible as ever." As we mentioned a few weeks ago, when noticing some of the fairy and other stories published in a uniform series year by year, it is very useful to have certain



From "The Children's Annual" (Blackie and Son).

books on which it is possible to depend and to give as a present, without an endless amount of trouble in selection; and "Blackie's Children's Annual" takes the place for younger children occupied by the more expensive books given to elder brothers and sisters. No one can possibly make a mistake whose choice falls upon this volume.

Another good annual is "Father Tuck's," edited by Edrie Vredenburg (Raphael Tuck and Sons, 3s. 6d. and 5s.). This book contains over two hundred pictures in colour and black and white, and will cause much mirth among the little people at Christmastide.

"Children's Stories from English History," told by E. Nesbit and Doris Ashley, is another very instructive volume issued by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons at 3s. 6d. and 5s. net. Some of the most interesting events in English history are here woven into entertaining stories, and the drawings and other illustrations add greatly to the value of the book.

Fairyland has inspired "The Little Grey Pedlar," by H. R. Millar (Blackie and Son, 2s.), the little man under this name selling a silver ring which enables the possessor to have three wishes. The effect of this upon two discontented little children is well told, and the

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happy ending is after the manner of all good fairy stories. Uniform with this book is a new edition of



From "Just Forty Winks" (Blackie and Son).

"Just Forty Winks," by Hamish Hendry, with illustrations by Miss G. M. Bradley (Blackie and Son, 2s.).

A great deal of reading matter is contained in "Stories from 'Aunt Judy,'" illustrated by Miss E. F. Everett (G. Bell and Sons, 2s. 6d. net). Some of the stories are suitable for children beyond nursery days, although with a little explanation none should be beyond the smaller ones.

It is not quite correct to speak of the four little volumes issued by Messrs. Augener as reprints, although in many instances "Mother's Little Rhyme Book," "Grannie's Little Rhyme Book," "Auntie's Little Rhyme Book," and "Nurse's Little Rhyme Book" (1s. net each) are similar to the larger editions published last year. Each season brings many fresh rhymes and many new jingles, but it is difficult to replace the old songs which have been known to generations of children, and Miss Le Mair has rendered a great service to all her little friends by the charming pictures with which she has illustrated the dear old songs of long ago.

"Teddy's Adventures," by Mrs. Henry Clarke (Blackie and Son, 1s.), forms one of a series of "Stories Old and New." It includes tales by

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Mr. John Hassall is responsible for the illustrations in "Blackie's Popular Nursery Rhymes" (2s. 6d.) and "Blackie's Yellow Picture Book" (1s. 6d.), both attractive volumes, as is also "The Golden Picture Story Book" (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), whose title gives the key of what is to be looked for within and without.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have sent us a nice edition of "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales" (3s. 6d. net), edited by Edrie Vredenburg. The illustrations are by Miss Mabel Lucie Attwell, and reflect great credit on the artist, who has entered into the spirit of the work, thus making her drawings effective and true.

Mrs. Morris has this year contributed some stories of our overseas dominions, and in "A Child's Book of Empire" (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.) she writes in a bright and instructive manner of the countries and customs about which all British boys and girls ought to know something. The illustrations by Mr. Charles Robinson are not the least important part of the book.

"Freddy Frizzlylocks" (Blackie and Son, 2s.), illustrated by Miss Macgregor and written in rhymes by Miss Clarke, is a whimsical production calculated to produce a laugh, be the child ever so serious. The book is one of the double-leaved ones, suitable for hasty little fingers turning over pages.

Miss Jessie Pope's verses are now so well known that there is not much need to praise any book for which she is responsible. "Tom, Dick, and Harry" (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.) are puppies, and all who delight in hearing of the mischief three such imps as these will like to possess the book. This is also a double-leaved book; the illustrations are by Mr. M. Morris.

"My Book about the Post Office," by Miss Edith Robarts, illustrated by Mr. T. Somerfield (Blackie and Son, 1s. 6d.), is very good and instructive, and contains an interesting description of the working of the Post Office at home and abroad.

In Blackie's Popular Shilling Series is now issued "Faithful Friends," which, as the title suggests, is mostly concerned with animals. There are sixteen pages of coloured illustrations and many black-and-white drawings by Messrs. Arthur Rackham, Cecil Aldin, and other Artists. "My Book of Doggies" and "My Book of Pussies" must surely meet the lowest pocket, for these attractive medley of verses and stories are issued in Messrs. Blackie's Sixpenny Picture Books Series.

"The Old Fairy Tales," issued by Messrs. F. Warne and Co. at 2s. 6d. net, is most vividly pictured by Mr. H. M. Brock. The realistic studies of "Puss in Boots" and "Jack and the Beanstalk" leave no doubt as to the subjects depicted. "A Nursery Rhyme Picture Book" (F. Warne and Co., 2s. 6d. net), with drawings by Leslie Brooke, is another very good picture book, which, if the little one wishes, could also be used as a painting book, some of the outlined drawings lending themselves well to small artists. The contents of "A Nursery Rhyme Picture Book" are also issued in two separate volumes, entitled "Oranges and Lemons" and "The Man in the Moon," at 1s. net each.

"Queer Creatures," described in rhyme, with copious cuts and illustrations by E. S. T. (B. H. Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net), is an extraordinary production, but may possibly be enjoyed by a boy with a taste for natural history. He will, at any rate, be enabled to see things as they are not.

"The Universe and the Mayonnaise," by T. Brailsford Robertson (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net), contains short illustrated stories for children. Each is written in a pleasing style, careful selection having been made with regard to the choice of words suitable for the young reader. Mr. Clausen's illustrations are as good in this volume as in "Nancy in the Wood," mentioned in another part of the paper.

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## More Fairy Tales

THIS year many countries have given of their fairy stories and legends for the benefit of English children. Dr. Ignác Kapos has collected and translated "Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales" (George G. Harrap and Co., 10s. 6d. net), a beautiful book with a very large amount of reading matter. The illustrations by Mr. Willy Pogany are very charming, and show up exceedingly well on the grey paper interspersed between the other pages.

Another selection from the Arabian Nights has been made by Mrs. Rose Yeatman Woolf, and published by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons. Some of the most popular stories have been taken to compile this volume, which is brightly illustrated by Harry G. Theaker in gorgeous Eastern colours. The price is 3s. 6d. and 5s. net.

"Nancy in the Wood," by Marion Bryce (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net), is very daintily illustrated by K. Clausen, and treats of a young person called Nancy and her journeys into birdland and wonderland. The slight sketches in the margins add greatly to the charm of the stories, and are instructive as well as decorative.

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During the holidays, extra matinées of "Joseph and His Brethren" will be given especially for children, in addition to the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinées, at His Majesty's. The first is fixed for Thursday, January 1.



## Illustrated Issues

*The Book of Psalms.* With Twenty-four Coloured Plates by F. C. PAPE (Hutchinson and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

*Lorna Doone.* By R. D. BLACKMORE. Illustrated. (W. and R. Chambers. 6s. net.)

*Old World Love Stories, from the Lays of Marie de France and other Mediæval Romances and Legends.* Translated from the French by EUGENE MASON. Illustrated and Decorated by R. L. KNOWLES. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

*The Tale of Lohengrin, Knight of the Swan, after the Drama of Richard Wagner.* By T. W. ROLLESTON. Presented by WILLY POGANY. (G. G. Harrap and Co. 15s. net.)

*Stratford-on-Avon.* A Sketch Book by GORDON HOME. (A. and C. Black. 1s. net.)

A GREAT amount of careful work has gone to the production of the beautiful edition of "The Book of Psalms," published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. The illustrations are very applicable to the text in most instances, and show that much thought has been expended upon them in order to make them consistent with the passages they depict. Victory, joy, agony, death, and the numerous subjects possible to be taken from verses in the Psalms have been chosen by Mr. F. C. Papé, and he has done justice to them all.

The edition of "Lorna Doone" issued by Messrs. W. and R. Chambers will go well with the several other



Desirous only to see the last of my gun and me.

gift books we have already reviewed. The type is clear and easy to read, and the coloured illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne give interest to the volume.

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Mr. Pogány by his illustrations has made an exceedingly nice gift book of the edition of "Lohengrin," which is similar to that of "Tannhäuser" published last year. The paper is well toned to show to the best advantage the weird as well as the beautiful studies which this story calls forth. Those who possess last year's volume will most certainly be anxious to obtain this one as well.

Stratford-on-Avon, with all its literary and historical associations, naturally lends itself to the artist, and Mr. Gordon Home has done full justice to the various interesting parts of the town in the handy little sketch-book now before us. It should take its place on the shelf with those of Oxford and Cambridge, noticed in a previous issue of THE ACADEMY.

## Christmas Numbers

PEOPLE who each season purchase Christmas numbers will not this year have to complain of the similarity of the issues, for each differs from the others in many respects. The centre picture of the *Sphere* consists of a coloured drawing of Mr. Cecil King, R.B.A., depicting "Christmas in the Sixteenth Century—A Queen's Ship in the Pool." Ships also form the centre idea of a large portion of the number, although stories, poems, and little tales for the young have all a place.

The *Sketch* has some remarkably good and appropriate coloured plates, in addition to many other interesting features. "Caught by the Flame" and "Cupid the Guide" are good examples of the topical art.

The *Boy's Own Paper* and the *Girl's Own Paper* will certainly continue to make their usual wide appeal. Neither in any way falls behind the times, nor fails to cater adequately for the modern youth and maiden. The stories and articles in the *Boy's Own* must please all healthy-minded boys, while, since Miss Flora Kickman took over the editorship of the *Girl's Own*, that paper has made very rapid strides. It is noticeable that among its many features this magazine endeavours to create in its readers a taste for home industries—if such they may be called—by giving pages of cooking receipts and instruction in needlework. *Everyone's*, a new magazine, issued by the same society, seems to be devoted mostly to things of interest to boys. It is early times yet to judge, but it does not seem as if it would make such a wide appeal as the other publications.

The Christmas number of *Books of To-Day* is, as its title suggests, devoted to current books. A short summary or review is given of many recent issues, while others are classified under their various headings, thus proving a very handy guide to purchasers of literature for the season. The *Bookseller* and the *Publishers' Circular* are also useful mediums from which to make a selection of recent publications.

The *Magpie* has lately been paying great attention to its front cover, and the result in many instances is very charming. The stories are many and varied, some of them well deserving the better class of paper always appropriated by the advertisements in this magazine.

The *Illustrated London News* has several very pretty paintings by Kay Nielsen, in which the colours are well toned and effective. Other features consist of stories and Christmas fare of various kinds.

*Punch* caters for the mirth of its readers with the pleasure of one setting forth to do his best and not to fail. It is quite time, however, that pictures and jokes about the tipsy old man being received at the door by the lady in night attire were laid to rest.

The *Odd Volume* seems this year to fall a little behind previous issues. There is at least one instance of a writer with a just claim to literary distinction not in any way enhancing it by his contribution. The pictures, too, with a few exceptions, do not appear to reach their usual standard.

The *Queen*, as ever, must charm its lady readers. Fashions—their name is legion; there is also the very good competition, but this year it is limited to subscribers. This is doubtless just, but must be a disappointment to many who may have time and a little extra money to spare at Christmas, although during the remainder of the year their days are too crowded to admit of time for lengthy, though interesting competitions.

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## Illustrated Scripture Issues

IT would appear often to be a difficult matter for people of considerable knowledge sufficiently to bring themselves into line with those of a much lesser understanding, and to make their meaning clear to readers not so advanced as themselves. Particularly is this noticeable with regard to some of the books written ostensibly for children. Of such a one is "The Bible Story and its Teaching for Children" (J. M. Dent and Sons, 6s. net), for, while praising the Baroness Freda de Knoop's laudable efforts to aid the young in their study of the Sacred Book, it must be confessed that in many places she rather involves than makes clear the passage by unnecessary long words and irrelevant matter. For instance, the Baroness quotes the Story of the Creation as it is in the first chapter of Genesis. In the middle of it, without any excuse at all, there is placed a legend regarding St. Augustine from Mrs. Jameson's book, "Sacred and Legendary Art." From the last paragraph concerning it we gather that the object is to teach a child humility and faith—good qualities we do not deny—but the legend being placed here tends more to confuse than to elucidate the chapter in question. Also, we wonder how many children, real or grown-up, could give a clear description off-hand of Protevangelium; yet this word occurs in a discourse intended to make clear to children the Bible story. It must not be thought, however, that the book is entirely made up of passages of this kind. There is much that is clear, much that is enlightening, and, because this is the case, it is a pity that anything like the foregoing has been allowed to creep in.

In "Stories from the Bible," "Old Testament Stories," and "New Testament Stories," by Miss Theodora Wilson-Wilson, illustrated by Arthur A. Dixon (Blackie and Son, 3s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 6d.), are many narratives simply and clearly told, and quite suitable for young children.



# The Theatre

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We are given the attitude of the philosophical and self-satisfied Armande, Miss Esmé Beringer, in the ready lines—

For my part study of the perfect creature  
Such as ourselves, should form the leading feature,

or that of her delightfully ridiculous mother, the Philamante of Miss Fortescue, when she threatens that she and her friends will

By logical deduction show mankind  
How far superior is the female mind,

or states—

In short, and not to boast, when once unfurled  
Our flag of liberty will shake the world.

Such couplets dragged from the text are hardly fair to the excellent qualities of the adaptation, but perhaps they show that they can be easily spoken, and with just what admirable point only those who were fortunate enough to hear them the other afternoon will know. But we trust a wider world will listen to the comedy, for the company was so excellent, the production by Miss Madge McIntosh so successful, and the

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Seldom have our modern actors had a better chance of showing how easily they can slip into the boldness and the charm of seventeenth century manners. If we are slow to admit that we are extremely lucky in our actors at the present time, this performance should change that attitude. Mr. Sass and Mr. Edward Rigby enter into the spirit of their parts with consummate ease and overwhelming effect. Brought up in schools which it has been imagined were not remarkable for breadth of manner, they take the stage with the grandeur and aplomb of the Molière period without effort. Mr. Sass makes Trissotin human as well as amusing; his delivery of the verse is a lesson in exquisite diction, his general treatment of the difficult part, while free from anything approaching clowning, is a feast of curious wit.

As Chrysale, the sly husband of the pretentious Philamante and the father of the pseudo-philosophical Armande and the human and clever Henriette—made doubly welcome by the wit of her lines and the charming acting of Miss Jessie Winter—Mr. Edward Rigby is at his best, praise

which everybody who knows his diverse character studies will appreciate. Then Miss Florence Lloyd is the most beautiful and convincing servant of Molière comedy we have met for many a day, and Miss Drusilla Wills as Béliise, a savante who has grown a little *passé*, is most engaging in her enthusiasm. All are good. There was only one tiny point that disappointed us for a moment. Miss Esmé Beringer, although far too accomplished an artist to be anything but perfect in her part of Armande, is almost too attractive. She makes us long to alter the play and add a happy conventional ending to her little adventures and disappointments. Ah, if we could have been twenty and brave—with the broad, straight shoulders of youth—and have bounded from the stalls on to the stage—clad in one of those splendid seventeenth century costumes which Mr. Tom Hestlewood adapts as finely as the authors do their Molière Alexandrines, and have called aloud—

Dear Lady, 'neath philosophy  
You cannot hide your heart. You see  
A golden Prince who claims divine  
Rights . . . . .

how Armande's soft and witty smile would have grown more tender, how lustrous her kind eyes, how gently incarnadine that beauteous cheek.

But, you see, the whole production is inclined to please us, who are already preternaturally old and stupid critics—the hated of managements, the loathed of actors, the despised of editors, the constantly abused and as constantly read of the world at large.

*Les Femmes Savantes*, in its English dress, makes us grow enthusiastic. That is, indeed, to be out of the mode, for all the world like a ballade in the year 1672, but, as a matter of fact, the fashions of the seventeenth century fit far better with the feeling of the moment than most of the plays written yesterday or the day before.

### "The Marriage of Columbine" at the Playhouse

THE appearance of Miss Lilian Cavanagh as the heroine of Mr. Harold Chapin's clever comedy in four acts is said to be her *début*. If it really be so, it is a very successful and delightful one, for she played throughout the whole comedy with a delicacy and certainty of method that makes us hope we may often be permitted to enjoy her acting. But it hardly seems fair to call her performance by that or any other conventional name; she appears actually to be the dear little modern Columbine who has run away from her unjust trainer and become the devoted mate of Mr. Scaramouche, a clown of repute, Mr. Graham Browne,

and the mother of his children. How she learns that what has been so real a marriage to her and Scaramouche is none at all in the eyes of the world, as represented by the local printer and editor at Dunchester, is admirably told.

As will be remembered, the play is developed on clever if rather quiet and conventional lines. It is only about four years since "The Marriage of Columbine" was first played, and yet it is already a little old-fashioned. This is partly because a new author, as Mr. Chapin then was, frequently takes somewhat worn types for his first essays. The printer, Alfred Scott, admirably played by Mr. Charles King, who talks about his chapel affairs and makes the discovery in regard to the ultra-simple Columbine, belongs to yesterday. The handsome and genial Mr. Scaramouche reminds us of almost forgotten stage types. While the shadow of Charles Dickens lies across the excellent Mr. George Salamandro of Mr. H. K. Ayliff, and Miss Agnes Thomas's picture of an old-fashioned circus lady, Mrs. La Bolaro. And yet they are all so admirably enacted that one never loses interest in their affairs—and that, after all, must be the test of a play and its performers, old or new.

It is difficult to hint at the future of Miss Lilian Cavanagh on so slight an acquaintance, but, judged by her complete mastery of the character of Columbine and her gentleness and her sympathetic rendering of a part which makes some rather severe calls upon its exponent, we are inclined to think that one more clever and accomplished comedy actress may be added to the long and brilliant list which decorates the English stage of to-day. A great performer of tragic parts, who is awaited by some playgoers with considerable interest, was not to be expected on this occasion.

EGAN MEW.

## Music

WHEN sprightly Mrs. George Villiers had been to one of the "Ancient Concerts," she described her experience in this way: "No, never was I so bored in my life: *not that the music would have disturbed me much if I might have talked*; but if one speaks a word . . . the old fogrums turn round and call you to account with their eyes." Her mission in life was to become the mother of a great diplomatist, and not to be a mere idler in concert-rooms, so we may forgive the unblushing Philistinism of her sentiments. But I think we may even sympathise with the poor lady, for are there not concerts, yes, and operas too, which do "disturb" us, during which we should find conversation an agreeable relief? We cannot deny that last week we attended more than one musical entertainment which "disturbed" us, at which we would have



preferred to talk to our neighbour, had not propriety and the fear of the old foghorns around restrained us. Happily we were able to spend one long afternoon in complete enjoyment. This was at His Majesty's Theatre, when the young ladies and gentlemen from the Royal College of Music performed one of the two or three most delightful operas that have been written, namely, Verdi's "Falstaff," an opera in which, for once in a way, the music is worthy of the genius of the subject. Some very first-rate performances of "Falstaff" remain vivid in our memory, at Paris, at Milan; and, indeed, we do not forget previous ones in London, especially the first given by the Royal College, in which Misses Agnes Nicholls and Muriel Foster took distinguished part.

But we enjoyed last week's performance none the less because its achievement was on a much lower level than those heard in other countries. For of its kind—that is to say, an opera got up by students, their only opera in the year—it was very good indeed. Beyond enjoyment of this delicious music to this merriest of plays, there was the further enjoyment of the goodwill, the hard work, the cleverness, the unitedness of the performers. Surely these young artists took delight in giving us of their best, and treating Verdi as well as they knew how. So they were able to communicate with us in sympathy something of their own honest pleasure. Sir Charles Stanford knows the opera so thoroughly, and it is certain that we may add he appreciates its beauty so highly, that he allows us to lose nothing of the delicacy of that wonderful score. Of course, there might have been more sparkle, more polish; but had there been, the orchestra would have less well suited the excellent though modest efforts of the actors. Toscanini and the orchestra at the Scala would have been out of place had they been playing with the students, and we should probably have wished them away.

None of the *protagonisti* outshone the rest by reason of any splendour of voice. There were no Clara Butts or Muriel Fosters, it seemed. What was much better, the voices suited each other; and what was perhaps best of all, they sang their words so distinctly that for the first time, perhaps, in our experience, we began to think there might be a future for opera in English, and that it would be a good thing if there were. In the quick ensemble, there was, no doubt, room for improvement, but everywhere else the opera was sung and acted in such a way as to make it "understood of the people." We have seen much amateur acting in our time by the best of the amateurs, and we were amazed at the cleverness with which these students, who must give their chief study to music, acted their parts. They were better than the good amateurs. Mr. William Allen was quite an excellent Falstaff, and, though his voice is light for the part, he never forced it, or in any way tried to go beyond his powers. His companions, Mr. Walters and Mr. Saull, as Bardolph and Pistol, Mr. Williamson as Fenton, Mr. Mann as Ford, and Mr. Chilley as Dr. Caius, also did admir-

ably, each showing individuality, yet all of them making themselves subservient to the needs of the ensemble. The ladies were charming. Misses Cooper, Simons, Gear and Locket, and the rest of the cast, chorus and dancers, played up as well as possible. We wondered if the Royal College would not do itself good as well as the general public if it spent some of its money, supposing it has any to spend, in hiring a theatre, not a larger one than His Majesty's, and giving nightly performances of "Falstaff" with this same company, at cheap prices. It would show the public how good a purely British company can be, when carefully trained and animated by love for its work. Break up this troupe, send one of the singers to this company, and another into that, and it is not likely that they will be able to do such good work as when they are all working together. And these particular young artists would certainly show the public that opera can be so given in English that it can be intelligently understood, and without difficulty.

It grieves us to have to say that the performance of another very lovely opera, "Hansel and Gretel," as presented in English at Covent Garden last week, was not at all so enjoyable as that, by the students, of "Falstaff." We could only catch a word of what was being sung now and then. Miss Sybil Vane, except for this one fault, sang and acted the part of Gretel very charmingly indeed, and Miss Goodman was an untiringly wicked and comic witch. But the performance on the stage was not distinguished, and Mr. Frank Bridge got far too little out of his orchestra. It ought not to be a difficult score to conduct, and we confess we were much disappointed. Also, the pantomime of the angels was actually "disturbing." The heavenly beings trod the earth and turned themselves about in an undignified manner that was far from being heavenly. As for the Covent Garden performance of "Carmen" under Mr. Hamilton Harty, this was not an improvement on "Hansel," save that Mme. Donalda sang very well, pronouncing her words commendably, and acting like the experienced artist that she is, and that Mr. Klein's translation is much better than the old one. A ballet called "Narkiss," music by M. Nougues, which followed "Hansel," failed to please us, even when we tried our hardest to shut out all memory of other ballets in which we have delighted. That it presented several gorgeously dressed-up scenes is true enough, but its authors seemed to have been over-anxious to learn from "Sumurun" and the Russians, and so to have stifled their own originality. Even with the aid of a "synopsis," it was difficult to understand what it was all about, and the music, though intelligible enough, said nothing that one was anxious to hear—or the better for hearing.

Two other concerts there were which we own to have found "disturbing," when we had hoped to enjoy them very much. The remarkable work done by Mr. Terry at Westminster Cathedral, and the beauty of the singing of its choir, made us anxious to hear one of the Bach chamber concerts in the Cathedral Hall. The pro-

gramme was very attractive, but the extreme resonance of the building made listening anything but a joy. The stringed instruments' tone was so mightily enlarged that the balance between orchestra and the other performers was destroyed, and the concerto for three pianos made only a blurred confusion. The work most possible to enjoy was that done by the boys of the choir, who sang with a virtuosity and intelligence worthy of great praise.

We had also looked forward to hearing the "Requiem" of Sgambeti. No musical person who has been in the habit of visiting Rome during the last twenty-five years can be ignorant of the talent and distinction of that fine musician. Perhaps we had expected too much, but frankly we were disappointed. Where the music appeared to aim at the more elevated Church style it was dull, and where it sought the melodious charm which an Italian congregation loves, it sank, not indeed into triviality, but into a conventional prettiness.

The London Symphony Orchestra drew a very large audience at their last concert, at which Herr Heinbach gave his now famous reading of Brahms' last Symphony. It is very splendid, finer than his reading of a greater work, Mozart's Symphony in E. For this he rightly reduced his orchestra, and the playing of the wood-wind was admirable. But his beat is not elastic enough for Mozart, and he is content to treat many of the phrases with a rather inhuman rigidity. When the St. Petersburg Quartet played a quartet by Mozart shortly afterwards, one felt that every phrase and every repetition of a phrase had become so dear to them that they could not bear not to modulate it perfectly. A concerto for strings by the now neglected old Handel was, to tell the truth, the most fresh and delightful piece that Herr Heinbach gave us. Is there to be a "future" yet for Handel? We hope so.

### British Artists at the French Gallery

THIS collection of British portraits, principally by Raeburn, is an exceedingly fine one as regards Raeburn himself, but very misleading as an indication of his relative position in the hierarchy of contemporary art. We have Raeburn represented in a wide variety; we see him in the hard immaturity of youth and the mellow perfection of later life; while of his contemporaries, Hoppner alone is represented by his best work, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney by no means at their best, and Lawrence by a piece of pitiable rubbish. Not, of course, that Lawrence was at any save rare moments to be mentioned in the same breath with Raeburn; but he was capable of much better work than that presented here. Gainsborough and Reynolds were painters of far wider range than Raeburn could ever have hoped to achieve; he had nothing like their breadth of vision, nor could he compete with their "infinite

variety" of handling and *technique*. Not for him were Gainsborough's sense of atmosphere and the restless movement of foliage, or Sir Joshua's uncanny sureness in "sizing up" almost any sitter that came before him, man or woman, fashionable trifler or serious worker in the concerns of the great world. Children, Reynolds did not understand—though it is the correct thing to sing his praise as a painter of children. In this sphere he was excelled by painters like Romney and Hoppner, who were otherwise immeasurably inferior to him, and, indeed, by Raeburn himself; but he could read the rugged strength that underlay the inarticulate personality of Lord Heathfield, who was bullied helplessly by the wittings of party politics, and yet could hold Gibraltar against fleets and armies with the tenacity of a bull-dog. English ladies have never had a truer or more appreciative interpreter. Romney painted women and children in their happiest moments; he caught characteristics of expression as they flashed over the face of his sitters, and graces of attitude which stamped their personality at its best upon canvases which the world is not likely, soon or often, to see surpassed. But in this sphere Raeburn was sometimes a rival, though never a sure one—he did sometimes, almost by accident, what Romney could achieve of set purpose. Hoppner was many-sided, ever trying new modes of expression and *technique*; if Raeburn, in his broad handling of fluid colour, set the note to which modern portrait-painting is endeavouring to attune itself, Hoppner in not a few of his later portraits anticipated the style which is wrongly called impressionistic—the style which aims at the truer expression of character by the suppression of all detail and hardness of line that may distract the attention of the beholder from the main issue. Raeburn went solidly and steadily on his way, always progressing, always honestly endeavouring to do his best, and never deviating from the path of artistic duty to chase butterflies on this side or that.

Opinion seems divided whether to class as best the portraits of Mrs. Kennedy of Dunure and Thomas Kennedy, or that of young Lord Elcho and his brother, Mr. Charteris. The first-named is a splendid portrait of an old lady, full of years and honour, who has borne herself not ignobly in far from easy times; not wanting in kindness to those about her, but quite capable of asserting herself sternly and effectually if need be. Portraits such as these give the direct lie to the legends circulated by latter-day feminists of the weakness and ill-usage of these forebears of ours. We know of no single one of these upstanding Scottish ladies of whom such a thing could be said with truth. If our womenkind have thus degenerated, there must be some other reason for it. The portrait of Thomas Kennedy is equally rugged and forceful, as befits a Scottish gentleman of ancient lineage. We find none of this strength in the portraits of the two boys; the *technique* and grouping are clever enough, but there seems to have been nothing in them to challenge the highest powers of the artist. They are past the charm



of childhood, and have not yet developed any clear purpose of manhood, and he represents them accordingly. There is a touch of sadness, which is sympathetically, but not sentimentally, rendered, in the fine seated portrait of Mrs. Skene; there is virility in the splendid presentments of Sir Ewan Cameron and of Henry Monteith of Carstairs; and equally good in its way is the fine young face of the Right Hon. Thomas Francis Kennedy; there is a beautiful portrait, too, of Mrs. Archibald Fletcher, full of life and character, not easily to be forgotten.

Hoppner is represented, as we have said, by one of his best women portraits, that of Lady Langham; it is full of grace and prettiness, but avoids the insipidity which one somehow expects from that type of countenance. The picture does not impress us less than it did when shown in London a few years ago; the figure is delightfully posed, and the likeness is one of those which lost materially by translation into the once-famous series of "Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion," in which one or two other *grandes dames* of the day also suffered unmerited uglification. Romney's portrait of Colonel Redhead has a virility not always characteristic of his male portraits. Gainsborough appears to advantage, but not at his best, in his graceful picture of Mrs. Simpson. But there is nothing by Sir Joshua that would compel attention if his name were omitted.

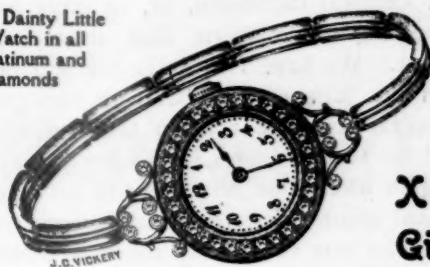
## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

### THE INDIAN PROBLEM IN NATAL

THAT the revolt of the British Indians in Natal against the restrictions imposed upon their race by the South African Government has produced a crisis of Imperial gravity is now abundantly clear. The problem which presents itself is no new one, nor is it necessarily confined to this part of the Empire. But, as was only to be expected, the violent disorder that accompanied protest in Natal has rendered urgent some solution as far as South Africa is concerned. And here it must be frankly admitted that it is more easy to describe the seriousness of the malady than point to the remedy. At stake are issues involving alike the community and the individual; on the one hand questions of economic importance, and on the other racial pride and to no small extent racial prejudice. Over and above the local application of the problems alluded to is the peril which it would be folly to minimise—the direct menace to the cause of Imperial unity.

Holding in their hands, as they undeniably do in the present circumstances, the very nerve strings of British dominion, statesmen belonging to the Home Ministry are bound to proceed with extreme circumspection. It is no exaggeration to say that, were a serious error to be committed, the foundations of Empire would be seen visibly to tremble. Without doubt, the policy pursued at present is shaping a pre-

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cedent that will go a long way towards determining the trend of Oriental expansion, or, in other words, towards regulating the relations that exist between East and West. We have frequently touched in this column upon the Japanese and Chinese immigration difficulties as far as these concern the Australasian Colonies and the United States, and have pointed out again and again what must be evident to all students of international affairs, that the great nations of the Orient will not for ever voluntarily accept self-denying ordinances restricting the movement and freedom of their peoples. The Japanese happen to be our allies, and for reasons of high policy are not disposed just now to put the issue to the test of the sword. The Chinese are not yet of any account in a military sense. But both Japanese and Chinese are biding their time as against the day when they shall demand from the West complete equality. When that day—as it inevitably must—comes, the Mother Country will be in an unhappy position, for on this subject of Asiatic immigration the Colonies are sensitive in the extreme, and will not be dictated to. Bearing in mind the larger and ultimate aspect of what may be termed the Oriental question, we are enabled to appreciate the true seriousness of the crisis precipitated in Natal, and its significance as the germ of an Imperial problem of the future.

That the trouble has originated within the family of the Empire, rather than from without, may perhaps strengthen the plea of the Indians for better treatment, but as their grievances are substantially the same as those about which the Japanese and the Chinese complain elsewhere we may depend upon it that developments in South Africa will be closely followed in the Far East. The dispute is one in which both parties can make out a plausible case. Tact alone can supply the solution. In the first place, the South African Government declares that the rigorous application of existing restrictions is essential for the social and economic welfare of the country. It is true that the Indian labours for a lower wage than does the white man; it is equally true that he introduces into the community, among and for whom he works, manners and customs that are alien, if not actually opposed to the code accepted by such community. The Indian, on his side, protests, and with considerable force, that, as a subject of the British Empire, it is nothing short of monstrous that he be denied the right of freely residing and employing his activities in any part of the British Dominions wheresoever he may choose. With justifiable pride he points to the culture of India, to her tradition and history, and to all that she has done for England. He rejects with anger, not unmingled with scorn, the right of the South Africans to submit him to the indignity of racial discrimination. To the economic objection to his presence he has a perfect answer. He was invited to the country because he supplied cheap and efficient labour; Natal has reaped the benefit of his toil, and he has almost become indispensable to the sugar planters. As we

have already observed, both sides to the dispute have a certain degree of right on their side. Naturally enough, South Africa is anxious to avoid being overrun by cheap Indian labour. Canada, Australia, and New Zealand adopt the same attitude towards Chinese and Japanese labour. If the peace is to be preserved, the less said about the other issues raised the better.

Were all parties, instead of boasting in regard to their respective systems of culture, to recognise that the social structure of the East is so totally different from that of the West as to preclude all hope of fusion, then the controversy would be rid of much inflammatory material. Whatever the white man thinks on this aspect of the case, he should carefully refrain from expressing; for, having awakened Asia to the extent that she has adopted Western principles of right and wrong within herself, he has difficulty in consistently maintaining that, outside Asia, in cases where the relations with the white man and the Oriental are concerned, these principles cannot apply. To this last suggestion the Asiatic will reply with arguments upon the surface seemingly incontestible. Without openly insulting him, such arguments cannot be met. He, on his side, should recognise that there is an answer to them, and not labour the point. Tact, as we have said, can alone save the situation. Immigration laws restrictive in character are no less essential to the well-being of the Empire than is the contentment of India. Unfortunately the troubles in Natal have come at a moment when public opinion in our great Dependency is peculiarly sensitive as to racial *amour propre*, and when it is only too ready to seize upon any legitimate grievance as a means of providing fuel for the flames of unrest. In all the circumstances the position of the Imperial Government in the matter is an unenviable one. It is urgent that India be appeased. Yet South Africa, who is for herself first and the Empire afterwards, will not be coerced. Nor is it at all desirable that anything in the nature of undue pressure should be brought to bear upon her. For let us bear in mind that the views she holds on the question are, without exception, shared by all the Dominions.

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## MOTORING

THE appeal of the Automobile Association and Motor Union for contributions towards the National Sign-Posting Fund has been responded to from all sections of road-users, and there is little doubt that the amount necessary for the carrying out of the work will be subscribed. In the meantime, it is interesting to note that the Scapa Society, otherwise the National Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising, has appealed to Mr. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., the chairman of the Association, to see that the sign-posts it is intended to erect are so designed as to effect their purpose without unnecessarily offending the susceptibilities of those motorists and other travellers who can appreciate the beauties of the English country-side.



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and do not want them spoiled by obtrusive and unsightly erections. The desire of the Society is that, before the new sign-posts are designed and the final design is arrived at, a committee of artists should be selected, with a view to the adoption of a type of sign-post which will fit in with the surroundings. The Society has done good work in assisting to secure the removal of many of the unsightly advertising hoardings with which certain misguided tyre and motor-spirit firms defaced the country-side, and it is to be hoped that due note will be taken of its suggestions with regard to the sign-posting scheme.

In an article headed "Separated Traffic," *The Motor* draws attention to the recent re-organisation of the Avenue des Champs Elysées for traffic purposes. For some years past the central track of the Avenue has been reserved entirely for motor vehicles, horse-drawn vehicles being compelled to keep to the sections adjoining the footpaths, and the result has been a decrease in the number of accidents, a material reduction in the cost of upkeep, and the maintenance of a higher rate of speed all round. It has now been found advisable to divide the Avenue into four instead of three channels—the two centre ones for up and down streams of motor vehicles, and the two outer ones for all other vehicular traffic. The advantages of this system of traffic separation are obvious, and, as our contemporary points out, a similar method of separate horse and

motor tracks might be adopted with advantage in London in the case of those thoroughfares where there is a sufficient width of roadway. Unfortunately, such thoroughfares are few and far between in our metropolis, and the separation remedy is not practicable in the narrow streets through which the bulk of the London traffic has to be forced. It becomes increasingly evident to the thoughtful observer that there is but one remedy for the state of appalling chaos which exists every day in such streets as the Strand, Fleet Street, and Ludgate Hill, and that is the entire banishment of the horse-drawn vehicle. It is these lumbering obstacles which regulate the speed of all forms of traffic, and so long as they are allowed to crawl about and block the roadway the problem will not only remain unsolved, but will necessarily become more and more acute.

It is announced that the price of petrol to dealers has been raised from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 7d. per gallon, and this doubtless means that the motorist is faced with the prospect of a further advance in the near future. In fact, the price of 2s. per gallon which was prophesied six months ago is evidently within measurable distance, and there is no tangible ground for believing that the advancing process will stop even at that high figure. After all, it is a question of supply and demand, and the latter is increasing out of all proportion to the former. The only practicable alternative fuel which is available to the motorist at present is benzol, and it is evident that the competition from this quarter is not of sufficient importance to disturb seriously the operations of the petrol "ring." Alcohol may, and probably will, provide the ultimate solution of the motor fuel problem, but the outlook for the next year or two is certainly not encouraging.

We have received from Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., a copy of their catalogue for 1914. As an artistic production it surpasses anything of the kind previously issued, and reflects great credit upon the present publicity department of the firm. The dominant feature of the publication is the series of coloured illustrations of the various types of Napiers, showing these famous vehicles in picturesque surroundings, and displaying the fine "Cunard" body-work to the best advantage. But there are many other features of interest to the general motorist as well as to the Napier user, and, taken all round, it is decidedly the best motoring catalogue we have seen.

Mr. Bertram Forsyth (by arrangement with Mr. Alan Campbell) has decided to produce at the Globe Theatre a fairy phantasy, "The Shepherdess Without a Heart," which he has written with a view to catering for children. Mr. Forsyth has aimed at simplicity of plot, the subject being treated in the Hans Andersen vein. The musical setting is by Mr. Franklin Harvey. The piece will be produced shortly before Christmas, for matinées only, a performance taking place every afternoon, except Saturday. It may be noted that this is the only new children's play to be produced this year.



## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE slight improvement in the City which was noticed last week seems to have died down. It is a curious thing that whenever markets are good on a Saturday they are dull for the rest of the following week and the converse is usually equally true. Saturday is only half a day, and the big houses do not come to town; therefore Saturday markets are always chosen by speculators in which to make a reconnaissance. The House, which a few weeks ago was distinctly "bearish," is now decidedly "bullish"; but it cannot get the public in. On Saturday some of the more enthusiastic "bulls" marked up prices all round, expecting a flood of orders on Monday morning, but none came, and we have not yet got over the disappointment. Personally, I have never looked for any revival this side of the New Year, and I am most doubtful whether we shall get any real improvement next year. The outlook is not good. It is impossible to get over a big war such as we have just witnessed without serious trouble. In the Argentine, in Brazil, in Canada, and the United States there has been over-speculation. Japan is in serious trouble, and the position of China is dangerous. I do not want to be always pessimistic, but it is much better to face facts than live in a fool's paradise. I admit that Great Britain stands almost alone in her prosperity and caution. She has not over-speculated; she has been making money honestly out of trade for the past three years and there is nothing to fear at home; but much of the money that we have invested abroad is lost, and our foreign securities will certainly depreciate, at any rate, for some years.

There have been a few new issues, but the principal talk has been of the four million Canadian 4 per cent. loan. When it was discovered that the Canadian Government, which only eight weeks ago borrowed four millions, found it necessary to come into the market, immediately the whole of Lombard Street was depressed. The new issue is made at 97, and as a full six months' interest is payable on April 1, this gives a bonus of about 22s. 6d. per cent., and the yield is almost 4½. But it is a thoroughly sound security. The Argentine Iron and Steel Company, one of the Erlanger group, wants fresh capital, and has offered £150,000 6 per cent. preference shares. Allottees have an option at par until the end of July, 1915, on one ordinary share in respect of every three preference shares allotted. These issues carrying options are very fashionable just now, but in the present instance I do not consider the option of much value, as business in the Argentine is going down. British Portland Cement Manufacturers have offered £350,000 5 per cent. debentures. The company has done very well up to the present, and if the combine of which it is a partner can hold the price of cement, then these debentures are a reasonable security. But there is some question whether, when trade falls off, the cement manufacturers of England will be able to supply it at a profit. There is far too much water in both the British and Associated, and I consider that there are many better securities on the market. Eastern Carpathian Oil is selling about 500 acres in Galicia. It is possible that the land is valuable, but the British investor's experience of Galician oil companies has been so bad that I doubt whether anyone will apply for this issue. The Galician Oil Development Syndicate paid £13,600 for the properties, and is asking more than twice as much. I should consider the shares

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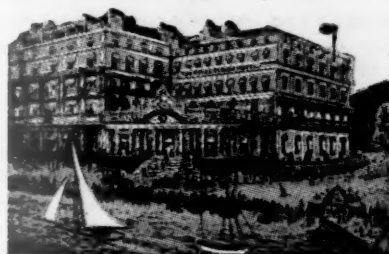
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too dangerous to be touched. The City of Toronto has offered £1,200,000 4½ per cent. debentures at 97½. It is a thoroughly sound security, and one that I can heartily recommend.

**MONEY.**—The Money market has been quiet, and the only weak spots are New York, which is feeling the Canadian drain, and India, where the continued failure of native banks is gradually producing very serious trouble. We must wait and see what happens to the French loan, but I think we can rely upon a reduction in the Bank rate early in the New Year.

**FOREIGNERS.**—In the Foreign market everything hangs on the issue of the new French loan. The Ministerial defeat is most serious. No one can prophesy as to the future. If money has been hoarded and the peasant thinks the offer attractive, then we may find a genuine over-subscription, in which case I look for a very much better time all round. There is no question but that France is a reservoir of gold, the wealthiest country in the world. But so cautious is the French investor that a failure to make the issue a success may induce him to lock up his money for an indefinite period. The Copper Market remains most uneasy, but Tintos keep steady, principally because the Paris speculator is short of stock. The big Russian railway loan is to follow immediately the French national loan, but it is doubtful whether it will be out this year. Then we are to have the Italian loan and presumably all the Balkan issues will be postponed until the Spring.

**HOME RAILS.**—On Saturday last the jobbers made a tremendous effort to get the public into Home Rails. I am sorry to say that they utterly failed. It is quite useless for enthusiastic "bulls" to work out figures proving that all the railway stocks are very much under-valued. The public think of nothing but labour troubles. They are quite wrong, as they usually are. They have got strike on the brain. The North Eastern company will increase wages, and this will cost them £300,000 a year, but the company can raise its rates and recoup itself. North Eastern Consols, considering their magnificent dividend record, are ridiculously cheap at 121. The railway is one of the best managed lines in the world and its dividend has averaged over 6 per cent. for many years past. I am not in favour of a gamble, but I assert that London and North Western at 130½, Great Western at 115 are as sound securities as anybody could put their money into.

**YANKEES.**—The Inter State Commerce Commission is examining into the illegitimate profits made over the St. Louis and San Francisco Rail Road which, it will be remembered, came to grief some months ago and was sponsored in London and New York by Speyers. There is still much talk of the United States Steel. The trade is steadily falling away and the Government seem determined to break up the combine. Newspapers in favour of U.S. Steel are now publishing figures showing how the profit-sharing plan works out. If has been in existence eleven years and has succeeded in interesting 40,000 employes, who would appear to have paid an average price of 98.32 dollars for preferred stock and 62.75 dollars for common stock. As a large percentage of both classes of stock has been forfeited, and as the instalments paid go to the credit of the present holders, the amount of profit accruing is very large. For example, an employee with a salary of 1,090 dollars would be entitled to subscribe to one preferred share each year; if he held the share for five years he would have got back sixty-five dollars in dividends and bonuses. The scheme is an admirable one and I cannot understand why it has never been introduced into England. I take

a very gloomy view of the future of the American market, for the various short dated issues that are maturing for 1914 come to 562 million dollars. This is a vast amount and I do not see how the money is to be found. It, of course, includes a large amount of Industrial notes and bonds and nearly 120 millions for Public Utility enterprises. But the bulk of the maturities are for railroads. This is a very serious matter, and if trade continues bad it will end in all the weaker railroads in the United States passing into the hands of a Receiver.

**RUBBER.**—The Rubber market remains uninteresting. This paragraph was written before the result of the auctions which are now taking place had been made known. Therefore I am unable to say whether the "bulls" intend to pursue their rather foolish policy of marking up prices in order to get rid of shares. The public should realise the rig and get out on every rise. There have been no reports of any moment. Sembilan dividend has been reduced by one half, and clearly no dividend should have been paid at all, as it is intended to issue fresh capital. The "bulls" are holding the market as firm as they can, and that is the best that can be said.

**OIL.**—In the Oil market prices seem to be sagging away. A new issue of Spies capital is to be made and the price has tumbled to 22s. 6d. All the various Egyptian issues are dull. It is stated that the Royal Dutch will offer one million in £10 shares at £50 per share and that a London market will be made. The underwriting was greedily taken at 2½ per cent. If people must go into Oil there is no question but that Royal Dutch is far away the best company to invest in. There was some talk of Kerns being purchased by the Shell, and 10s. per share was the figure named. This talk is premature. The company is doing well now and is opening up new ground which is turning out excellently, and the rise is probably due to this news.

**MINES.**—The Mining market remains in the depths of despair. The meeting at Bulawayo seems to have knocked all the stuffing out of the long-talked-of Rhodesian land boom. The Kaffir magnates are doing their level best to keep up quotations in view of the end of the year balance sheets, but they are having a hard job. All Diamond shares have been sold, and Copper shares have also been weak, Anacondas having been done below 7. However, the Cape Copper dividends are slightly better than last year. Holders of Mining and General Investment shares should communicate with Mr. F. W. Cruttenden, of 45, Ritherdon Road, Bedford Hill. The Pahang report shows a profit of £82,377, which is nearly four times as much as that for 1911.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—All the talk in the Miscellaneous market is of the Coats report and circular. The figures are excellent and the position of the company magnificent. But shareholders are greedy and want the reserves divided up. This the directors flatly refuse to do. I think they are perfectly right, as they hold more than one half the ordinary shares. I have no sympathy with the agitators. There is no better managed concern in the world than J. and P. Coats. At the same time, the shares are distinctly over-valued. The P. and O. report is also admirable, and here again we have a magnificent Industrial venture. The fleet has been written down to a very low figure, and the preferred stock is a magnificent investment. Brewery shares keep very hard. There has been some excitement over Cuban Ports, and it is rumoured on the Stock Exchange that the Government intend to pay out the common stock holders at 50. I think this is a gross exaggeration and were I a holder I should certainly sell at the present price.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.